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Contents

The Week 1

Editorials

Is Roosevelt Slipping? 5
Red-Baiting in the A. F. of L. 6

General Articles

Fascism and Finance in France....H. N. Brailsford 8
This Was the Summer (verse)..Kenneth W. Porter 10
Will We Stay Out of the Next War? III, The Propaganda Balance Sheet.....O. W. Riegel 11
Eight New England Poets.....S. Foster Damon, Dudley Fitts, Kimball Flaccus, Sherry Mangan, Winfield Townley Scott, Theodore Spencer, John Wheelwright, R. P. Blackmur..... 14
Abyssinia Ice Cream.....James Broughton 16
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 17
Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn 18
On the Labor Front.....William P. Mangold 19

Correspondence 20

White Chimneys and Times Square.....Stark Young 22

Books in Review

Bread and Butter Letter.....Malcolm Cowley 23
Red Samarkand.....Robert Morss Lovett 24
A Different Story.....Kenneth White 25
Musical Biography.....B. H. Haggin 25
Before Science.....Harold Ward 26
Faust in Hungary.....Fred J. Ringel 26
Cross Country Hotel.....Otis Ferguson 27
Books in Brief..... 27

The Week

IN ITS attempt to deal with the Ethiopian situation, the League has failed once more and about as completely as possible. The Council will take no action for another month, during which arbitrators will seek to settle the specific dispute arising out of the Ualual incident. They will not, however, try to decide to whom the territory belongs, which is the chief problem involved. During this month, also, Great Britain, France and Italy, working outside the League machinery, will try to arrive at some settlement of the whole Italian-Ethiopian question—the Ethiopians, of course, not being represented and having nothing to say about any arrangement the conference may evolve. It is broadly hinted that Italy may not even attend the Council meeting in September, if Mussolini has any reason to believe it may take action unsatisfactory to him. In the meantime, he is free to continue sending troops and supplies to Eastern Africa. Active military operations could not begin in any case until the end of the rainy season—still a month or so away. The failure of the League is just as complete as it was in the case of Japan's aggression in China. It is nonsense to say, as some of the British are doing, that this is all America's fault: that if we had joined the League years ago, it would now be an effective international body. It will never be effective while the Great Powers that dominate its membership continue more concerned with their own national advantage than they are with preventing injustice and maintaining peace.

THE extremists are once again in full control in Germany—if, indeed, the more moderate policy of the past few months was ever anything but window dressing for the sake of foreign public opinion. In a savage speech a few days ago Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels attacked all "state enemies." The Steel Helmets, the veterans' organization, is now under the ban. Its newspaper is suppressed and local units are being dissolved. Renewed pressure is also being exerted against the Catholics and evangelical Protestants. All Catholic papers have been prohibited, and church officials are threatened with dire penalties if they show hostility in any way to the regime. Dr. Goebbels predicted that marriages between Jews and Christians will soon be prohibited, and the official Nazi legal journal has demanded that all members of the hated religion should again be shut up in ghettos, as in the Middle Ages. The press censorship has again been tightened—something that seemed almost impossible. Any foreign journalist who writes "hostile" reports will be deported, and this procedure has already been carried out in the case of one Swiss correspondent. The definition of "treason" has been broadened to include acts of omission as well as commission. The death sentence, we are now told, can be inflicted by almost any German court for almost any act that comes under the broad definition of anti-Nazism. The cables carried the news, a few days ago, of a German linotype operator who had been sentenced to seven months in prison for a typographical error. He had set "Heil Hitler" (Hail Hitler) as "Heilt Hitler" (Cure Hitler). This story would be unbelievable, told of a normal country in normal times; but who will presume to say that it could not happen in Germany under the present regime?

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THE House of Representatives has passed the tax bill in substantially the form the President desired, and the measure now goes to the Senate. In view of the violent language used by opponents of the plan, it is startling to be reminded again that the bill proposes to raise only $275,000,000 and increases the tax rates only slightly for most of the persons affected by it. While the House did the President's bidding in this instance, it balked him on another important issue when it again refused to adopt the holding-company bill with the famous "death sentence" clause included. It took this action despite additional ugly revelations before the Senate Committee investigating activities of lobbyists. A New Jersey advertising man, formerly employed by Thomas A. Edison, Inc., but dismissed this week, admitted suggesting to C. E. Groesbeck, chairman of the board of the Electric Bond and Share Company, that he had recommended a whispering campaign to the effect that President Roosevelt was mentally unbalanced. It was also revealed that H. C. Hopson, chief figure in the Associated Gas and Electric System, received $2,805,000 during the period 1929-1933, although dividends were suspended by the System during part of that time. Mr. Hopson, badly wanted by the committee as a witness, has disappeared.

ANOTHER, and more serious, threat to an important aspect of the New Deal is found in the joint suit against the government of eighteen packing companies. They are seeking to prevent collection of $7,500,000 in processing taxes under the A.A.A., and it is obvious that government officials are alarmed lest the Supreme Court may eventually support their view and overturn the whole system of paying bonuses to farmers for restricting production and obtaining the revenue for this purpose from special taxes that are reflected, ultimately, in higher prices to the consumer.

EFFORTS of the left-wing bloc in the House to amend the administration tax bill met with no success. The principal left-wing proposal, offered by Representative Marcantonio, was for an increase in all surtaxes above the $5,000 income level. The proposed rates would have been approximately equal to those in England, and would have produced an estimated yield of $756,000,000. In the long run, some such rates as these must be adopted if the country is to provide the unemployed with a decent minimum of relief. Mr. Marcantonio's amendment was defeated by sixty-nine votes to nineteen. He correctly ascribed the failure of the left-wing bloc to make a better showing to the searing Washington heat. During the latter part of the tax debate, there were fewer than fifty Representatives, of all shades of opinion, on the House floor. The sole amendment accepted by the House leadership was one permitting corporations to claim exemption on charitable gifts not exceeding five percent of their income. This provision was strenuously opposed by President Roosevelt in a press interview. In our opinion, Mr. Roosevelt was right, but for the wrong reasons. In his interview, he said that the money of a corporation belonged to its stockholders, and that the stockholders individually ought to make donations to charity, if they cared to, and not have it done for them by the corporation management. This argument overlooks the fact that in many small towns the chief industry is owned by stockholders scattered far and wide over the country. There is no way that the local charitable groups can call upon the absentee stockholders for contributions. Yet it is equally true that to permit corporations to contribute tax-free to local charities tends to place the charities under the control of the corporation managements, and to that degree to create the evils of a company town. This is a dilemma that can best be solved by the establishment of a system of social insurance which will be on a considerably more generous scale than that of the system now before Congress, and which will diminish the need for private charity.

IT HAS been predicted for some time that the administration would have difficulty in devising work-relief projects for which the cost per man would be below the limit of $1,140 set by President Roosevelt. Last week Mr. Roosevelt admitted that a number of communities had not submitted sufficient projects to care for their unemployed, and that there was likely to be a "relatively small number" of persons who would never get jobs under the new program. Mr. Roosevelt said that the estimate of 3,500,000 jobs he promised to create with the $4,880,000,000 work-relief appropriation was not based on exact figures, and that there might not be that many jobs. The new program is not to be started until November 1, and will not reach its peak until the beginning of 1936. The President said he hoped that, before then, a large number of unemployed would have been absorbed by private industry. By delaying the work program, whether intentionally or not, Mr. Roosevelt is making it easier for private employers to obtain workers at the lowest possible wages. Under the new work program, wages are scarcely above starvation levels, but in comparison with the present F.E.R.A. dole, they offer the unemployed a slight degree of bargaining power. The danger that existing wage scales will be affected, unless Mr. Roosevelt changes his mind and presses forward with the work program, is particularly great now that the protection of the N.R.A. codes has been removed.

THE editor of Vanity Fair, of all people, is in trouble with the Japanese government. He printed in the August issue a page of cartoons by William Gropper entitled "Not on Your Tintype," portraying things no one expects to see. Among them was a drawing of Emperor Hirohito, pulling a cart on which rested a document awarding him the Nobel Peace Prize. Although by the standards of any

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civilized country this was a mild enough bit of satire and although the circulation of Vanity Fair in Nippon is undoubtedly extremely small, the Japanese officials report themselves as furious. It is their theory that the Emperor is of divine origin, and he is not to be trifled with. It is true of course that there are vast differences between one country and another as to what seems proper or improper; and broadly speaking, the Japanese are entitled to have their feelings considered in material intended for their consumption. But Vanity Fair is not published for the Japanese, and least of all for the ignorant and superstitious part of the population to whose myths the ruling class of course gives only lip service. The hullabaloo over Mr. Gropper's cartoon is an expression of truculent nationalism by the militarists who now rule that country and would like to censor the rest of the world as they do their own archipelago.

THE Works Progress Division now announces that 18,000 musicians are to receive jobs under the new work-relief program. This section of the program is to be under the general supervision of Nikolai Sokoloff, former conductor of the Cleveland Symphony, and will be modeled upon the F.E.R.A. music projects already in existence in New York City. There 950 musicians are employed on twenty-one projects: symphony orchestras, string quartets, trios and dance bands. Projects for choral singing have been tried out in Boston, and additional choral projects will be part of the new program. Special emphasis, according to the announcement, is to be placed upon the encouragement of unknown composers. If sufficiently talented, a composer will be entitled to draw a work-relief wage while he continues his writing. It is pointed out by relief authorities that, with a few honorable exceptions, the great privately supported orchestras have never been able to play a large amount of unfamiliar music for fear of alienating wealthy subscribers, and that because of this the path of the American composer has been exceptionally hard. Work-relief orchestras will be under no such handicap, and one result of the new program, it is hoped, will be the discovery of talent that otherwise might never have had a hearing.

PRESIDENT Ruthven of the University of Michigan has "asked not to reënter the university" four students who are leaders of the National Student League. Their scholarship is not in question. "We do not consider that they are the type of student wanted on the university campus," reads the president's statement. His letter to the victims says that "it has been impossible to persuade you to refrain from interfering with the work of the university and with the work of the other students." What is the nature of this interference? The best information we can obtain comes from The Michigan Daily. The League, under the leadership of these students, agitated for the playing of a star Negro end in the football game against Georgia. It sponsored a lecture by John Strachey. It organized an anti-war mass meeting on the steps of the library. These annoying activities undoubtedly provoked the statement by President Ruthven last spring that "university work has been interfered with and the reputation of the university has been called into question recently by perversive activities. . . . Students who are known to have interfered with the proper conduct of university affairs and with the work of their fellows are being investigated and necessary action will be taken promptly." President Ruthven does not want to curtail freedom of speech —no, indeed. The present action, if we are to believe him, "has nothing at all to do with the political or social beliefs of the students concerned." We venture the opinion, however, that the reputation of the university among those whose opinions are worthy of consideration has been badly injured by his own action. The only thing that could save that reputation would be determined opposition to his high-handed course by students and faculty. If that follows, it will prove that Michigan is an institution that takes education seriously.

A MEMORANDUM sent out by the U. S. Naval Intelligence Section through Commander S. A. Clement, under official postoffice frank of the Office of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C., gives a list of organizations and individuals who, "while not *openly* advocating the 'force and violence' principles of the Communists, give aid and comfort to the Communist movement and party." The organizations are: American Civil Liberties Union, Federal Council of Churches, National Council for Prevention of War, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; the individuals are: Robert Morss Lovett, Roger Baldwin, Clarence Darrow, Harry F. Ward, Jane Addams, Frederick J. Libby, Kirby Page, George S. Counts, Sherwood Eddy and William Kilpatrick, all "busily engaged in spreading the philosophy of discontent destructively." Including the name of the late Jane Addams gives a climax of absurdity to a document that is ridiculous on its face. We understand that this precious bit of professional patrioteering was used by the navy in lobbying for the passage of the bill, already discussed in The New Republic, "to punish for exerting mutinous influence upon the army and navy." President Roosevelt, as Commander-in-Chief of our forces, cannot evade responsibility both for the introduction of the bill and for the questionable methods used in the effort to obtain its passage. In the name of common sense and common decency, he should repudiate both the proposed measure and the tactics employed by Commander Clement.

A COMMITTEE of writers last week went to Birmingham, Alabama, to test the constitutionality of the Downs Law, a city ordinance making possession of a single copy of a radical publication punishable by six months on the chain gang. Mem-

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bers of the committee—Jack Conroy, Bruce Crawford, Emmett Gowen, Shirley Hopkins and Alfred H. Hirsch, secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners—sold copies of The Daily Worker before the Birmingham City Hall and were promptly arrested. Birmingham, however, evidently feared the national publicity that might come from chain-gang sentences for the group and they were released with a warning by the Chief of Police that there are anti-radical groups in Alabama, whose activities the authorities are powerless to control. Next day, this group of writers reported that while they were traveling by automobile toward Montgomery their car was overtaken by another, one of whose occupants fired six shots at them at close range. Some of these shots struck the writers' car. Governor Bibb Graves professes to believe that this attack was not genuine, but a "radical publicity stunt." He offers, however, no proof of his contention; and since many similar incidents have taken place in the past, and are known to be genuine, we see no reason to accept Governor Graves' interpretation.

CANADA'S recent experiences with young workers in her relief camps, which roughly parallel our own Civilian Conservation Corps, indicate some of the troubles that may arise from this type of organization. Canadian youths receive food, clothing, shelter and twenty cents a day spending money in these "slave camps," as they are popularly called. The camps have existed for four years, and as each year passes the boys become more and more discouraged about the prospects of ever returning to a normal mode of life. Recently a militant movement has arisen to call attention to the plight of the lost youth in these camps and to demand wages in return for labor, workmen's compensation and transfer of the camps from military to civil control. Early this summer, 2,000 young men left their camps in British Columbia and converged on Vancouver. They were enthusiastically received by the populace, and they set out on a 3,000-mile jaunt to interview Premier Bennett at Ottawa. They got as far as Regina, Saskatchewan, where a force of mounted police and city police, assembled at the behest of Premier Bennett, halted the advance. One policeman was killed and a hundred persons were injured in the clash. Some of the leaders of the expedition were Communists, and inasmuch as the Communist party is still illegal in Canada, Premier Bennett invoked the notorious Section 98 of the Criminal Code to outlaw the movement and ship the boys back to British Columbia on government trains at government expense. Premier Bennett shows some signs of using the incident to whip up a Red scare to help him in the coming elections, in which he faces almost certain defeat unless he can find some quick, emotional appeal to sweep the country. Meanwhile the boys are back in their camps, seemingly farther away than ever from their goal of economic rehabilitation.

THE political stew in Louisiana still boils and its fumes daily become more obnoxious. At the end of several weeks' fighting, Mayor Walmsley's position has been considerably weakened and Senator Long has emerged with four thousand more political jobs under his belt. The mayor, faced with grumbling and revolt which at one time threatened to bring several of his Public Commissioners into the Long camp, received unexpected aid from Secretary Ickes, who barred Louisiana from participating in the new P.W.A. program and hinted that loans and grants worth some $13,000,000, already made, might be remanded. There is no love lost between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Long, but the Secretary went out of his way to assert that Louisiana was banned solely because one of the laws passed by the Kingfish's hurry-up legislature provides that local boards shall take part in administering all federal projects. These laws, according to the Secretary, endanger P.W.A. investments in Louisiana. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Ickes' action will deter Senator Long in any way. The Sewage and Water Board, which he recently annexed with its four thousand jobs, was one of the few remaining agencies in New Orleans not under his control. There is one chance in a thousand that Mayor Walmsley will come off victorious in his fight, but as Huey's raids continue, he is being placed in a position faintly analogous to that of the King of Italy—except, of course, that Mussolini doesn't hate the King.

JUNE is the month during which the French dressmaking establishments, having prepared their creations for fall, send out mannequins who parade as spectators at such events as the races, garden parties and polo games of the Semaine de Courses in Paris—of which the festivities were exceptionally brilliant this year. But there was exposed another aspect of all this froth and gayety. The midinettes who work for dressmaking establishments like Lanvin, Lévy, Agnes Drecoll, went on strike a few weeks preceding the Grande Semaine. It had been proposed that their earnings—which amount to 175 francs weekly and, in the case of piece-workers, to half that sum—should be diminished by some 3 fr. 60 a week. These seamstresses, or *cousettes*, were already touching starvation salaries, and for once they had had enough. The employees of twenty-one establishments wisely chose the weeks preceding the June festivities to walk out of their workshops. Popular for their high spirits, and (possibly due to their ability to dress smartly on little or nothing) for their elegance and charm, these girls had the whole city of Paris behind their radical activity. Even the French gendarme, with an eye for youthful grace, was indulgent about unauthorized picketing. It should not be omitted from the history of labor that, in at least one instance, a great deal of determination and a few yards of fluff proved capable of forcing the capitulation to workers of twenty-one expensive establishments.

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ONE item on the ballot in the forthcoming elections in Oregon represents the first successful campaign on the part of American college students to carry an issue directly to the people. Several months ago the State Legislature passed a law compelling every student at the University of Oregon to pay a fee for the maintenance of athletics and social events. Needy students, already barely able to remain in college since the abandonment of F.E.R.A. employment, found this compulsory fee a distinct hardship and banded together in the Student Relief Committee to protect themselves. Under the leadership of Richard L. Neuberger, militant liberal and former editor of the student newspaper, they instituted a campaign to refer the law directly to the people. Governor Charles H. Martin loudly condemned this move, predicted it would fail and denounced Neuberger personally. Reactionary newspapers joined in the condemnation, and said the students couldn't possibly get enough signatures to place the law on the ballot. They kept at it, however, and a few weeks ago a determined students' committee arrived at the state capitol with a petition bearing nearly one and one-half times the number of names necessary to get the measure referred back to the electorate.

Is Roosevelt Slipping?

ONE OF the broadest tendencies in the American scene in recent months has been the decline of President Roosevelt's prestige. Daily dispatches from Washington indicate how much more difficulty he is having with his own majority in Congress than he had in the spring of 1933. The severe and continued spanking that New Deal legislation has been receiving from the Federal courts is a delight to enemies of the administration. Political opponents, who a few months ago dared not raise their voices in criticism, hasten to attack in unmeasured terms; newspapers—and not only opposition newspapers—have joined the pack in full cry. As for private conversation among members of country clubs, business and banking executives, lawyers and the like, it has plumbed the depths of bitterness and hostility. After what they are now saying about Roosevelt, there would be little left for them to say about a Lenin.

It is difficult to characterize much of this opposition in words that are fit to print. When a paid publicity man advises the executives of utility holding companies to spread the whisper that the President is losing his mind (as one did, according to his own testimony before a Senate committee), and this whisper is so eagerly taken up by the dupes of those who use slander for profit that it is heard at every luncheon table, one wonders just how far the moral corruption of business rulers can go without engendering a dangerous popular reaction. Sending fake telegrams by the thousand to wavering Congressmen indicates almost as great a lack of decency, but it is no worse than the complaisance of thousands of owners of utility securities who allowed their own names to be used in protest against a bill about whose provisions and merits they knew less than nothing—less than nothing, because they were filled with misinformation by utility propaganda. Supposedly respectable newspapers lend their authority to a characterization of the new tax measure as a "soak the thrifty" bill—though it is a bill that aims to raise only $275,000,000 annually by moderate increases in the taxes of those with incomes or estates so large that no conceivable thrift could have produced them.

Practical politics, of course, is usually as dirty as it dares to be, and tricks of this sort are by no means new, in this or other countries. But in the present case there is no respectable argument to go with the scum and froth. We have yet to see any comprehensive case presented by the conservatives that rises far above the level of slander or misrepresentation. Slogans they have, but the slogans do not hang together in any logical whole. They are afraid of inflation and cry for a balanced budget, but they have not devised any method of balancing the budget. They dare neither to propose the necessary cuts in expenditures nor the necessary taxation. They want government to stop interfering with "natural economic processes" but they do not admit what all conservative economists assert—that these processes cannot work smoothly in the presence of monopolies, price valorization schemes, protective tariffs and subsidies of industry. They want the kind of intervention that will, they believe, help business profits without the intervention that necessarily goes with such assistance. They shout for liberty and the Constitution, meaning only their own liberty, but not the liberty of labor or opposition political movements, or the civil liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. They exalt States' Rights when the Federal government attempts social legislation or regulation, but at the same time prevent the states from passing similar measures.

The character of the opposition to Roosevelt is of such a nature that all those who have the least progressive tendency or the tiniest social conscience are tempted to unite in his support. As a matter of fact, it is probable that he has much more support than all the noise would indicate. The press reflects the mind of its owners, its advertisers and its bankers much more accurately than it does that of its readers. Farmers who are actually getting A.A.A. benefit payments are not so likely to be indignant about the agricultural policy as manufacturers who have had to pay the processing taxes. Workers whose wages have been decreased or whose hours have been lengthened since the demise of the N.R.A.—or even those who had benefited little, but who hoped at last their legal rights were established—are not so likely to be hearty in their approval of the Supreme Court as their employers. The unemployed who are now inadequately relieved will not listen with friendly ears to those who de-

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nounce relief altogether. The great majority who pay no income taxes, and the still greater majority which includes those whose taxable incomes are less than $50,000 a year, are not likely to become excited by the hullabaloo against taxing the "thrifty." Furthermore, there is likely before long to be a reaction against the extremes of the anti-Roosevelt campaign, just as the present swing of sentiment is a reaction against the adulation of his first year.

Nevertheless we do not agree with those who contend that the "Roosevelt revolution" must be a genuine one because of the enemies it has made. There is a real danger facing him, as The New Republic pointed out many months ago. Popular opinion may still support him as against the outrageous Republican alternative, and may yet conceal—as we believe it does—a growing and substantial dissatisfaction because of the meager results that have followed his magnificent promises, and because of the confusion and lack of direction that his rapidly shifting and often self-contradictory program embodies. The President has in the past temporized with powerful business interests in the hope of gaining their support. At the beginning he based his whole program on the fallacious doctrine that these interests would coöperate with the government, with labor and consumers, in order to introduce the virtues of collectivism into capitalism. Our judgment at the time has now been confirmed—that conservative business interests would support no government that they could not rule. Hence the effort to conciliate them would be vain so long as Roosevelt attempted reforms of the slightest importance. Their hostility would inevitably become virulent once they got over their scare. At the same time, however, his flirtation with the idea of collaboration would so compromise his program that it would be ineffectual in producing results satisfactory to the majority of the population.

Analyses of the New Deal as a failure in genuine social-economic planning have been made so many times that it is scarcely worth while to repeat them. The results of that failure supply a breeding ground for discontent that may in the end be utilized politically by reactionaries as well as by collectivists. Production and reëmployment have lagged, especially in the heavy industries. Increases in the cost of living have canceled, or more than canceled, wage advances. Labor has not been guaranteed the right of genuine collective bargaining in important occupations. Help for the farmers is stopped far short of its goal because of the failure to reduce industrial prices and increase industrial production in the interest of the consumer. These crucial defeats were registered long before the courts deprived the government of the right to try measures of the sort. Government housing is still little more than a promise. Relief has been confused and clogged with red tape because it has been conceived as an emergency measure, the need for which would soon be eliminated by recovery, and because the program so often has been changed. The great plan of social security has petered out in a series of minor gains and major losses. At length, frustrated in so many directions, the President has tried to salvage his leadership by embracing the essentially conservative campaign against bigness, embodied for the moment in an insignificant tax measure that, while taking only a tiny step towards redistributing wealth, has aroused the fury of the rich. The whole conception behind it overlooks the fundamental fact that there is little point in trying to redistribute wealth as long as nothing is done to produce more than a fraction of the wealth we are equipped to create.

Signs are increasing that we may be in for an old-fashioned business recovery of the sort that we might have had under a Coolidge. If so, nothing permanent will be accomplished. The recovery is even more likely than usual to blossom into inflation, and so to be followed by another collapse, because of the immense credit resources of the banks. It is likely temporarily to strengthen the opposition of the property owners against significant reform of any kind. Having failed to patch the leaks while it was raining, we shall fail to patch them because it is not raining. Because of the lingering loyalty aroused by the hopes he created, because of the hollowness of the reactionary opposition, and possibly also because of the adventitious aid of returning "prosperity," Mr. Roosevelt is still, we believe, likely to have a second term in office. But in the long run, if his ambitions embrace much more than that, they will be disappointed. His ultimate danger lies not in the strength of his enemies, but in the disappointments of his friends.

Red-Baiting in the A.F. of L.

FROM Atlantic City, where the executive council of the American Federation of Labor is in session this week, comes the news that the Federation is planning to purge its ranks of Communists. By itself this is not, of course, a very startling announcement. For a decade or more the Federation has been committed to a policy of fighting the so-called red menace. Its more conservative officials, like Matthew Woll, have issued frequent denunciations of the Communists, and at times there have been wholesale expulsions. But the reiteration of this policy today, by the recognized leaders of the American labor movement, raises more serious questions.

In the first place, President Green and his official family in the A.F. of L. cannot be unaware of the existence at present of an extensive red-baiting campaign throughout the nation. Nor can they overlook the fact that their attacks on the Communists play directly into the hands of the forces supporting this campaign—the open-shop employers, the chambers of commerce, the patrioteers and other anti-labor groups. To say the very least, this is embarrassing company for the leaders of organized labor to keep. For it is well known that

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these groups, of which Mr. Hearst is the chief spokesman, use the charge of communism merely as a screen under cover of which they can attack not only militant workers but all trade-union activities. It is a matter of record that the reactionary industrialists and publishers of San Francisco deliberately fomented a red scare to break the general strike there last year. And the same technique is met with in almost every important strike.

Of course, the A.F. of L. may insist that the proposed purge is to be directed strictly at Communists, *i.e.*, members of the Communist Party. If this were so, the policy would be deplorable enough. The A.F. of L. is supposed to be a democratic organization, open to all workers irrespective of race, color, creed or political belief. Why, then, should Communists be excluded? The reason given by Mr. Green is that they are "undermining confidence in the trade-union movement and fomenting strife." Yet this can hardly be the real reason. A few years ago, it is true, the official communist policy was to build dual unions in each industry and to displace the A.F. of L. unions by winning over their memberships. Naturally the A.F. of L. denounced this policy as disruptionist. Within the past year, however, the policy has been changed, and the Communists are now engaged in dissolving such unions as they were able to establish. The members have been advised to join the A.F. of L. unions in their respective industries.

This change in communist policy, instead of winning approval from the A.F. of L. officialdom, merely brought a new denunciation. The Communists were accused of trying to bore from within. This again is a reason that, on inspection, does not appear very realistic. For even if all the members of the Communist Party—some 30,000—were in the A.F. of L., they would represent but an insignificant fraction of the total membership, less than one percent. Certainly, it is difficult to believe that such a small number of men could (if so minded) undermine the labor movement—unless one is willing to grant them prodigious personal abilities.

What seems more likely is that the conservative leaders of the A.F. of L. foresee a challenge to their power in the indisputably leftward trend among workers and in the increasing resort to militant trade-union tactics. This challenge is evident not only in such "outlaw" affairs as the general strikes in San Francisco and Terre Haute, but also in the growing insurgency of the rank and file in many unions. In the International Longshoremen's Union on the Pacific Coast, the militant opposition is now in complete control, and in the steel industry, a similar group has a majority of the membership. Obviously, wherever these groups gain control they are a definite threat to the present leadership. These developments, according to the conservative labor leaders, are the result of communist inspiration. There can be no doubt that they have the sympathy of Communists, but it seems more realistic to believe that they are, by and large, merely the natural response of workers who have found labor boards, negotiation, and polite conversation with their employers ineffective weapons—less effective weapons, at any rate, than the use of economic power in the field of the strike.

It is possible, of course, that the growing pressure from the rank and file may force the leadership of the A.F. of L. to adopt a more militant policy. But the chief element in such a policy—an intensive drive to organize the mass of workers on an industrial union basis—would obviously make the position of the present officials less secure. Unquestionably, this is one of the primary reasons why there has been no really effective campaign to organize the workers in rubber, steel, and automobiles. Moreover, the proposed purge of Communists also militates against such a program. According to Mr. Green, any union admitting Communists to membership may have its charter revoked. Thus there may be wholesale expulsions, involving entire unions, and no doubt there are officials in the A.F. of L. who will make the most of this policy to get rid of militant opposition. The smokescreen of communism can be used just as unscrupulously within the labor movement as outside it.

Meanwhile there remains considerable doubt as to whether the anti-communist drive of President Green really reflects the sentiments of the membership of the Federation. A number of officials have already condemned the policy as totally at variance with the best interests of the trade-union movement. The Fur Workers' International has defied Mr. Green by absorbing the communist union, which was recently disbanded. Most pointed is the declaration of Charles Zimmerman, head of Local Number 22 in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union: "Does the leadership of the A.F. of L. realize that, in taking such action, it is merely copying the tactics of the worst open-shoppers in the steel and textile industries who are attempting to outlaw a large section of their employees merely because they believe in the benefits of organization and unionism?"

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
R. G. TUGWELL

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Fascism and Finance in France

THE UNCERTAINTY many of us feel about the future of capitalist democracy in the United States and England lends to events in France an intimate interest. Here a fascist movement is growing in conditions that have on the surface little in common with the German and Italian cases. This is a victor state, sated with gains of territory and power. No morbid complex of inferiority has bitten into the soul of its people. Neither the pressure of population nor the reckless expansion of its industrial mechanism compels it to create a militant unity so that it may conquer colonies and markets. If fascism grows, one supposes, the conditions that promote it must be internal, and in all probability economic.

The phenomenon is not new in France. Louis Napoleon, who wrote pseudo-socialistic pamphlets in his early years, anticipated some of the technique of the contemporary dictators. He based himself on the small middle class (in his case the peasants), relied like Hitler on plebiscites and like him swung over into subservience to high finance. Later adventurers of the Boulanger type differed from the modern Führer in the naïveté of their technique and their reliance on improvisation: they had no organized disciplined party. Everything turned on the audacity of a military hero, and his choice of a moment when scandal had humiliated the Republic.

I happened to observe the last of these apparently well timed moments. At the height of the Dreyfus affair, President Loubet had just been elected in Versailles. As he drove through Paris vast crowds met him in the streets singing "Spit upon Loubet." The poet Déroulède, after a fiery harangue from the pedestal of Joan of Arc's statue, led his followers to meet the popular General Roget, who commanded the garrison of the capital, snatched the rein of his charger, and invited him to lead the patriots to capture and depose the President. The army at this time was clericalist and reactionary through the whole corps of its officers, and furious at the prospect of the revision of Dreyfus' sentence. For an instant I thought that the General hesitated, but routine was too much for him. He smiled, made a gesture of impatience, and rode on. That sudden emotional technique, the apparently spontaneous offer of a crown to Caesar, is in the French tradition. There is always among French conservatives a minority, swelling in moments of crisis, to appreciable numbers, that demands an "authoritarian republic," or a President "who will govern," and eccentric little groups of Royalists and Bonapartists still survive.

The slump led, as in France slumps always do, to the usual questioning of the constitutional bases of the Republic. The normal financial scandal aroused the normal suspicion that the whole governing group of ministers, would-be ministers, high officials and even judges, was shockingly corrupt—as in fact a large part of it is. A scandal means that one has sold oneself to the wrong people, that is to say to new people, doubtfully solvent. Subservience to solid and solvent interests, the banks or the armaments trust, is not scandalous. The franc, meanwhile, was tumbling with alarming agility—a phenomenon popularly ascribed to this same corruption—and amid the excitement, the Fascist and Royalist mob of Paris besieged the Chamber and brought the liberal ministry of M. Daladier down, after his police had been obliged to shoot to kill.

The significance of the events that centered round the bloodshed of February 6, 1934, lay not so much in the revelation of the state of mind of Paris—for Paris proper as distinct from the workers' suburbs has been conservative for more than a generation—as in the proof that one considerable figure after another in the front rank of Republican statesmen was tainted with fascist leanings. M. Daladier had to dismiss M. Chiappe, the omnipotent head of the police, for manifest complicity with the rioters. M. Tardieu, the ablest of conservative ex-Premiers, took no pains to conceal his sympathies. Worse still, when a rather commonplace personality, M. Doumergue, was called from retirement to head a National Government that would save the Republic and the franc, he too flirted with the Fascists, and before long split his Cabinet and brought about his own fall in an effort to reform the Constitution in an authoritarian sense.

The new fact that made it worth while for conservative politicians and officials to play for fascist applause was the formation, at last, of a far from negligible organization, disciplined on the German and Italian models. The *Croix de feu* were originally the *élite* of the veterans of the World War, who could boast some decoration. Under their leader, Colonel de la Roque, they drifted towards fascism, and became a political power when they associated with themselves a much more numerous formation, the National Volunteers, drawn from the generation that has come to manhood since the War. The Colonel is not a possible Duce or Führer. He is a poor orator, and has none of the indispensable talent for demagogy that might swell his hundreds of thousands into millions. His more resolute followers think him weak, for when he has blustered in public, he will tell the interviewers next day that he meant nothing in particular. He has, however, the talent for organization that every senior officer must acquire in some degree. Outside the army it is a rare talent in France, rarest of all

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in politics. His men will march and obey orders. They carry rubber truncheons, and are said to have more formidable arms in reserve.

The Colonel's speciality is to mobilize all his adherents in a given district at a few hours' notice for a nocturnal demonstration in some provincial center, of which the name is disclosed only at the last moment. He has at his command abundant resources for motor transport, and can rush ten thousand men to a given spot with the promptitude of a modern mechanized army corps. More imposing still, he has his aerial contingent, and over one of his most successful mass meetings in Algeria no less than seventy-three of his volunteer airplanes flew. This is the finished fascist technique. Mussolini became formidable because his Black Shirts in their motor trucks would descend without warning on any village or little town where radicals or coöperators were growing strong. Hitler used the same method. As yet, however, the French Fascists have been sparing in the use of their truncheons, and save in Algeria, where they terrorized the Jews, have only a few riots to their credit. The psychological effect of these quasi-military movements is none the less considerable.

The Colonel has no mass of voters behind him, as Hitler had, and has never yet risked a candidature at an election. He is not the idol, as Hitler was, of the whole lower-middle class, and of every boy and girl at school. But he has his two or three hundred thousand young men, drawn chiefly from the middle and upper classes, disciplined, keen and above all mobile. If he could arm his airplanes with machine guns, he could dominate the cities and terrorize the workers, provided the army were neutral, as the Italian army was when Mussolini marched on Rome. Some French observers of the situation think this within the bounds of possibility, and produce a press photograph that shows the Colonel clinking glasses with General Denain, the head of the French Air Force. The odds are doubtless overwhelmingly against any romantic *coup* of this kind. None the less, if I were a French liberal or radical, when I surveyed the known opinions of sundry generals, and reflected on the weakness of the short-lived ministries, I should have moments of acute anxiety. The suspicious thing is that none of these ministries, for all their eloquence in defending the Republic—and the franc—has ever seriously thought of suppressing this openly anti-republican formation, not even when its leader boasts that in a few weeks or months he will send Parliament about its business. He may be a far from impressive figure, but his young men can march and his airplanes can fly.

One aspect of this situation is relatively reassuring. The workers are on the alert, and do not mean to go under, divided and supine, as the German workers did. That spectacle left its mark on the mind of what was left of socialism in Europe. It drove first the Austrians and then the Spaniards into a gallant but hopeless militancy, of which the underlying motive was in both cases a determination to save their honor. The more salutary consequence is that almost everywhere in Western Europe, save only in Germany, shame and fear have availed to weld Socialists and Communists into a united front (*Front Commun*). It works in France with surprisingly little friction, though the right-wing Socialists are jealous and uneasy, and it has not yet availed to bring about a fusion of the divided labor unions. It has lasted long enough to justify the hope that it may be stable, though it has yet to face the severest test, which will come if and when the Left achieves the expected victory at the general election of next May. Since the Soviet Union made a virtual alliance with the French Republic and entered the League of Nations, it has become difficult for the Communists to sustain the illusion that they are pursuing a revolutionary strategy. The last thing Moscow would wish to see would be a revolutionary attempt in France, or anything that might weaken the military or financial power of any antagonist of Hitler's Germany. One asks, indeed, whether Moscow would smile even on a rising against Mussolini, should he involve himself too deeply in Ethiopia.

The most surprising thing about the Common Front is that this solid mass of industrial workers seems to be drawing to itself the left wing of the Liberals (for it is indecent to translate the name of this party, the so-called Radical-Socialists, into the literal English equivalents). Men of the type of Daladier and Pierre Cot would gladly join the Common Front against fascism and war, if they could overcome their reluctance to smash their party and break (as one day they doubtless must) with the genial M. Herriot, who grows steadily more conservative. They did actually join the Socialists and Communists in the imposing and pacific demonstrations against fascism with which the workers celebrated the Fourteenth of July, not in Paris only, but all over France. In the South of France, at least, the lines that divide the Liberals (mainly peasants, sharecroppers, and small wine-growers) from the Socialists (mainly artisans, small officials and teachers) are not very deep. Both are in steady opposition to the curé and the château, and even the Liberals have to fight big business, in its most formidable manifestation, the Comité des Forges. This Common Front has neither rifles, truncheons, trucks nor airplanes with which to oppose the *Croix de feu*. Its expedient against a *coup de main* would be the general strike, a means that availed against the first effort of fascism in Germany, the Kapp *Putsch*. A general strike may succeed, when its aim is defensive rather than revolutionary, if the main body of the middle class is still attached to democracy. That, I take it, is the case in France as a whole, even if one must except Paris (which has just elected M. Chiappe to preside over its municipality) and some Northern regions.

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The ultimate explanation of this situation is, of course, economic. The overvalued franc is in some danger; the budget cannot be balanced; exports dwindle and tourist traffic all but ceases, because the Bank of France is determined to stay on gold, and to maintain the existing parity. The feat is impossible without a final effort of deflation so savage and logical that no elected Chamber dare carry the responsibility for it in detail. That is why the Chamber adjourned till the end of October, and gave M. Laval full power to achieve the miracle by emergency decrees. His effort is comparable only to what Dr. Brüning attempted in Germany by the same dictatorial means in the last year of the democratic Republic—an ominous parallel. The ten-percent cut in official salaries, wages and pensions of public servants will of course spread to the whole of industry. The cut in the interest on the National Debt (amounting to forcible conversion), in mortgages and house rents, certainly inflicts some sacrifice, if not a comparable one, on part of the propertied class. But one asks whether cuts in the price of bread, coal-gas and electricity can avail to bring down the cost of living as widely or rapidly as the fall of wages. It stood in June at nearly 25 percent above that of the rest of the world that has abandoned gold. It is doubtful, moreover, whether even these economies (offset by the increase in every class of military expenditure) can serve the immediate end of balancing the budget. The mischief is not (on the civilian side) extravagant expenditure, but the fatal shrinkage of the national income.

The Republic is caught in a difficult dilemma. The *rentier* class (bigger in France than elsewhere, because of the dowry system) trembles at the thought of a second devaluation of the franc, and its interests are protected by the Bank, which has contrived to impose its will on one writhing Cabinet after another, by the simple expedient of refusing further credit. The Republic stands where the monarchy stood on the eve of the Revolution. It must obey its creditors, and these creditors are not the most loyal of its friends. In bending to the dictates of finance, it antagonizes the workers and officials, who bear the brunt of this savage deflation. They have two weapons. They can vote, when May comes round, and in the interval they can demonstrate, as in fact they are doing, and they may strike. The immediate problem, then, is this: Can M. Laval between July and the end of October keep France so quiet, and produce, as a result of drastic yet apparently inadequate deflation, such evidences of returning prosperity that a Chamber facing elections in May will sanction what he has done and renew his mandate?

The reader, after this all too brief narrative, may well inquire how much of democracy is intact in France. The Chamber has surrendered its detailed control over the economic life of the country, as in the last phase of the Weimar Republic the Reichstag also did. It retains the nominal power to dismiss ministries, but in fact its choice is limited by the refusal of the Bank of France to advance money to any Cabinet that hesitates to maintain the franc by drastic deflation. In fact, then, this empty shell of democracy is a mask behind which finance-capital exercises a dictatorship. So long as money can govern anonymously in this way, it need not trouble to upset the Constitution. It will do so, or try to do so, only if and when it doubts its ability to find in a sufficiently subservient Chamber ministers who will be its tools. That might happen if, before the crucial month of May, the Left-Liberals should actually join the United Front of the Workers. When the Bank despairs of the Republic, it has its Fascist Legion in readiness. Colonel de la Roque would march on Paris, but a Tardieu or a Chiappe would manage the politico-financial side of his maneuver.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

This Was the Summer . . .

This was the summer when the country's last
scant range of buffalo-sod succumbed and passed
beneath the breaking-plow, lurched and went under
as once the humped and shaggy beasts who bore
that name, sank down in blood with moaning roar
to Sharps' brief lightning and staccato thunder.

This was the summer walking in a furrow
behind the threshing-engine I bent down
to dig from earth the snapp'd point of an arrow
worked from strange blood-hued stone, just as my brother
a hundred feet ahead picked up another,
larger but chipped from flint of yellow-brown.

This was the summer when, as young Steve Burroughs
turned the back pasture into even furrows,
the plow struck something hard—
A frontier-model Colt revolving pistol
holstered in rust and with a big bull-thistle
grown through the trigger-guard.

And this the summer that Montana Bowes—
escaped a boy from Quantrill's bloody raid,
lived half a decade with the Mountain Crows,
scouted for Custer, fought the Arapahoes,
but left the army after Wounded Knee—
who limped from a chewed bullet through the thigh
and bore a flint point near his shoulder blade,
died at the age of eighty and was laid
upon the extra-deep and wide clay shelf
which he had dug and paneled for himself,
trusting no other hand: "Although," said he,
"I wish, when death counts *coup* on me, that I
could stretch out in the forks of a cottonwood-tree."

KENNETH W. PORTER.

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Will We Stay Out of the Next War?

III: *The Propaganda Balance Sheet*

WHETHER or not the United States plunges into another international war depends to a large extent upon the relative strength of the propaganda for war and the propaganda for peace. A country abandons its neutrality because of basic compulsions of national interest, and propaganda is, after all, mainly the promotional expression of deep economic and spiritual drives. Yet, preceding and accompanying the sharp international crisis, it is the violent conflict of propaganda forces that decides the issue of peace or war. Modern wars can be fought only with the consent of an overwhelming majority of the population.

With the air filled with talk of satanic plots of munitions makers, with peace strikes, pledges never to bear arms and various schemes to enforce neutrality, there is no better time to draw up a rough balance sheet, listing in one column the propaganda resources of those who might conceivably talk and write the United States into a war, and in the other column the propaganda resources of those who are willing to fight to the utmost against all such folly.

Very few people want war in the sense that they take delight in bombs, gas, blood and death. Yet many groups and individuals are working to maintain conditions and advance ideas which, the logic of history shows, contribute directly or indirectly to the shaping of public consent to war. It is not fair to say that these people are always animated by lust for blood and hellishness. Many of them act with the highest of motives and with a sincere regard for peace. Nevertheless, when their propaganda tends to foment war, they must be listed on the martial side of the ledger, regardless of their good or bad intentions.

Among the actual and potential fomenters of war are the following: First, manufacturers of armaments and munitions. Under modern conditions of war, munitions include most of the products of agriculture and industry. Second, militarists. Although they often profess themselves humanitarian ("the best pacifists are in the army"), they are bound to seek a field of action worthy of their special talents. Third, domestic bankers, involved potentially or actually in the manufacture of munitions. Fourth, international bankers, with investments and spheres of influence abroad. Fifth, politicians and rabble rousers, serving industrial and financial interests or seeking a theatre for dramatic leadership. Sixth, ardent patriots. While the Sons and Daughters of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean claim to be staunch lovers of peace, they are so sensitive to the national honor that they easily fall prey to the fomenters of war. Seventh, the sensational press and radio, eager to dramatize conflict. Eighth, our potential allies in the war. In the moment of crisis, their propaganda would ruthlessly exploit bonds of sentiment and blood. While this list is not complete, it suggests some of the more important sources from which a demand for war might arise.

These are, in the main, the same forces that got us into the last war. It would be well for the pacifists to note that all of these forces are stronger and more skillfully organized as pressure groups now than they were during the early years of the World War. In industry and finance, for instance, there is greater cohesion and unity of action through trade associations and lobbies and through political organizations such as the American Liberty League. There was no patriotic society on the eve of the World War comparable in numbers and influence to the American Legion today. The Legion is composed of men between the ages of thirty-five and fifty; in the World War period the boys of the Grand Army had passed their prime both in years and influence. The fight against radicalism, with which pacifism is generally lumped, has been a mighty stimulant to such organizations as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sentinels of America and the Navy League.

These groups have become highly skillful manipulators of public opinion. Most of them have national organizations employing professional propagandists. They are adept in utilizing the channels of communication, such as the press, motion picture and radio. They have mastered the technique of creating a national claque through state and local agents.

The military group furnishes as illuminating an example as any of the progress that has been made in propaganda in recent years by the potential provocators of war. The General Staff can afford to look back with considerable disdain upon the groping efforts of military leaders during the World War to place a halter on the human mind. The War Department is now prepared to organize a vast propaganda machine within a few hours. A group of advertising and publicity men, for instance, have been commissioned as lieutenant-colonels and majors in the Army Selective Service Advertising Group, and they will, in the event of another national emergency, set in motion a publicity and advertising campaign to "acquaint the nation with the facts." Attached to the army

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through this unit are such experienced propagandists as Carl Byoir, public-relations counsel, and Lee H. Bristol, advertising executive and former president of the Association of National Advertisers.

Another cog in the military propaganda machine is provided by the Military Intelligence Reserve of the Officers' Reserve Corps. Many of the officers in this division are working journalists, employed in peacetime by commercial newspapers. In time of emergency they will be called on to present military objectives in a favorable light.

The work of spreading a propaganda for preparedness through army training camps has advanced magnificently since General Leonard Wood opened the first Plattsburg camps in 1913. Through the C.M.T.C., the R.O.T.C. and, to a certain extent, the C.C.C., the War Department has been able to reach multitudes of Americans with the doctrines that preparedness is the only certain guarantor of peace and that target practice makes better neighbors and puts hair on the chest of Young America.

An idea of the character of propaganda in the next war may be gleaned from the disclosure, made before the Nye committee investigating the manufacture of munitions, that the War Department has in readiness a drastic press-censorship bill which, it was hinted, "would be passed by Congress in the hysteria that usually accompanies a declaration of war." The censorship would be under the direction of an administrator of public relations who would coördinate publicity, fight enemy propaganda, establish rules and regulations for censorship and enlist and supervise a "voluntary" censorship of the newspaper and periodical press. Army witnesses admitted at this hearing that legislation which might be held unconstitutional in times of peace would be passed uncontested in a national emergency.

One of the most serious aspects of the question of propaganda today is that the factions which might provoke war are steadily increasing their control of such channels of communication as the radio, the telegraph and the telephone. Peace propaganda will obviously make no headway if, in the emergency, when it is most needed, it is denied access to national transmission lines. A safe prediction can be made, however, that pacifist propaganda will be completely throttled in a war crisis so far as these channels are concerned.

The Communications Act of 1934, establishing a commission to regulate all forms of electrical communication, and all previous laws affecting radio, contain provisos giving the President power to take over these facilities in time of any kind of national emergency. At the moment, President Roosevelt and the Communications Commission, backed by military and patriotic groups, are urging Congress to waive anti-trust laws to permit a gigantic merger into one company of all the domestic and international telegraph, cable and wireless services now under the jurisdiction of the United States. The army and navy insist that in time of national emergency there should be a coördinated communications organization that could be taken over as an entity by the government. Colonel Walter Krueger, senior member of the joint planning board of the army and navy, declared that "the communication companies' operators should be trained in military requirements and the personnel should be in the enlisted or commissioned reserve."

It is especially interesting to note that these views were seconded by two army-reserve officers of high rank, David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, and Colonel Sosthenes Behn, president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. In urging that it would be a splendid idea for all telegraph and radio operators to be commissioned in the United States Army, these gentlemen call attention to the close connection that exists between communications companies and the groups mentioned above as potential provocators of war. R.C.A., the giant of the electrical industry, joins the General Electric Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Western Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. All of these companies are engaged in manufacturing materials that fall into the category of munitions, and all of them have commercial interests abroad. The directorate of the Western Union Company, to cite another example of interlocking commercial interests, contains directors of nineteen banks, including the National City Bank, Chemical Bank and Trust, Bank of Manhattan, Federal Reserve Bank and Chase National Bank.

Pacifists should accept the fact that there will be no outlets for their propaganda in radio broadcasting or other electrical channels. The communications companies are at the service of big business, not that of disinterested public discussion. They have good friends in the Departments of War and the Navy. In other words, their loyalties are definitely committed, and they are therefore extremely unlikely to make any sacrifice to assure freedom of propaganda.

The press is not an easy subject for generalization. There are valiant editors who are sincere lovers of peace, and they may be expected to make heavy sacrifices for their beliefs. But in so far as the press, in general, tends to mirror popular opinion, and not to lead, it may prove a negligible factor in the struggle to maintain peace. There are grounds for believing that with the rise of radio, the press may have lost some of its strategic importance in a propaganda conflict. If the militarists have the radio securely in their pockets they may be able to whistle without the press.

The press lends itself admirably to the purposes of war fomenters in at least two respects. The first is its tendency to dramatize conflict, thereby

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increasing emotional tension. The second is its patriotic tendency to assert dogmatically, rather than by reasoned argument, that the United States should be put ahead of a lot of Wops, Japs and Bolsheviks. This spirit achieves its most rabid expression in the jingoistic provocation of the Hearst press. The press also has its commitments of loyalty to the commercial and military fomenters of war. It has its obligations to the banks that invest in it and to the commercial concerns upon whose subsidies it depends. It has its duty toward itself, to see that it remains a going and profitable business. Such a press is not likely, in a crisis, to devote itself to pacifist propaganda, especially when pacifism is so closely linked in the popular mind with radicalism and social experimentation, and seems to carry a veiled threat to the social and economic order. Charles H. Herty, the chemist who is urging American newspapers to enter the newsprint industry by becoming manufacturers of paper made from slash pine, testified before a hearing on arms embargoes that he believed that the shipment of poison-gas materials to two friendly nations was entirely a "commercial question." If this is the spirit of Mr. Herty's newspaper clients, they will not be militant for peace.

The motion picture exhibits the weakness of other popular channels of communication in the character of its ownership. This industry, too, has its commitments. It occasionally produces a pacifist film, but in time of crisis there will be no question of its patriotism. The conservative financiers who control it will see to that.

Turning to the other side of the ledger, the propaganda resources of pacifism have increased prodigiously. There was a peace movement in 1915 and 1916, but compared with the militant crusade of the dozens of peace societies of today, it was unrealistic, sentimental and a little pathetic. The modern pacifist, seeing hard and clear, is determined that the American public shall not meekly submit to the kind of propaganda that involved the United States in the last international war. He has buttressed the humanitarian argument that war is an unspeakable horror with proof that no one wins in war except a handful of industrialists and militarists. He makes realistic use of lobbies, politicians, advertising, publicity and organization. Thousands of determined individuals have sworn to give no support to military adventures, and many have gone so far as to sign pledges to refuse to bear arms if war threatens. They are resolved, in brief, to end this hell. Were the women's clubs, churches, students and other peace advocates to remain as steadfast to their avowed principles as they say they will, it would seem likely that their mass resistance, even without the use of the propaganda channels described above, would be sufficient to repel a propaganda for war.

Unfortunately, the peace movement is in danger of falling into ineffectual fragments when the crisis comes. The propagandists for war are able to present a united front. They have an advantage over the propagandists for peace in that they can set up a definite and specific goal, victory over a diabolical enemy. They are able to agree on a set of symbols and slogans for the achievement of that goal. The propagandists for peace, on the other hand, lack the authority that comes from a unanimous mandate from their supporters. While some thoroughgoing pacifists oppose war of any kind on principle, others will give their support to a "defensive" war. Left-wingers are opposed to capitalistic wars, but they will arm and fight in a "class struggle." In 1915 and 1916, the peace movement was destroyed, so far as effective opposition to the War was concerned, when the Root-Butler faction broke away from more uncompromising pacifists because, as they said, a permanent peace could only be established by crushing the evil "aggressor" in the international war. In a wholly laudable effort (as it seemed) to establish a permanent peace, the faction opened the way for the steam roller of propaganda for preparedness and, later, for war. Is there any possible reason why this pattern would not be repeated?

At the mass parade against war in New York on May 18, representatives of the Y.M.C.A. and the Greater New York Federation of Churches marched with Communists and Socialists. The paraders sang in unison:

> Hallelujah, smash the rifles,
> We'll tote them no more.
> Hallelujah, say together:
> Resist the next war.

But when the left-wing marchers sang

> Not one cent shall be spent
> For any capitalistic war

it was observed that the ministers were silent. Some of the conservative peace organizations were remarked to be conspicuously without representation in the parade.

No one can foresee the character of the incidents that will launch the next international war. Nor can one foretell what particular emotional enthusiasms will be dominating the American public mind when that time comes. Yet a brief consideration of the balance sheet of propaganda resources as they now stand shows a heavy weight on the side of the potential provocators of war. If one wished to bet on the outcome of the propaganda conflict in this country in the event of an international crisis, he would be wise to lay his money against neutrality and peace.

O. W. RIEGEL.

This is the third article in the series "Will We Stay Out of the Next War?" The concluding article, to be published next week, is by George Soule and deals with the price that must be paid for neutrality.—THE EDITORS.

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EIGHT NEW ENGLAND POETS

The rule of selection was neither unity of theme, a common technique, nor the exhibition of any sectional dogma, but rather the opposite of these—multiplicity of theme, variety of technique, and the illustration of merely poetic connections. It seemed, further, better to prefer the tentative to the established, the experimental to the settled, so long as the modes of writing themselves were well laid out. It is therefore a matter of course that two of the contributions are extracted from longer works.—R. P. BLACKMUR.

Little Josiah's Song

Oh, the dog says Yes and the cat says No,
Which way should a little boy go?
Why, down the new garden and over the wall
Where the weeds and the wild-flowers are let grow,
And the spikes of the mullein tower so tall
They can hide in safety a boy that's small.

Father is loud as the sun at noon,
While mother is silent as the moon.
His laughter roars like wind on the hill,
Her tears are dewdrops lightly strewn.
But in the evening, when all is still,
He sleeps in his chair, and she has her will.

Oh, the dog likes day and the cat likes night;
Every once in a while they fight.
But all the time, father at mother
Shouts that he is the one in the right;
And lest they quarrel with each other,
I beckon secretly to my brother—

Catch up the dog and cat, and scurry
Out of the house and out of the worry,
Over the wall and into our den,
Where we lie breathless, watching the furry
Caterpillars drop on long threads, then
Pull themselves all the way up again.

With the dog under one arm, the cat under the other,
There is just room for my little brother.
The cat mustn't mew and the dog mustn't bark
Until at last we hear our mother
Quietly calling: "Children! Hark!
Boys, come in! It is getting dark!"

S. FOSTER DAMON.

Homage to Rafael Alberti

The pleasure of poets' tongues is a crazy candy.
The sweets of God
Tinkle in abstract vain vessels, handy
Bric-a-brac of décor, brittle gadgets, cold.
Poets taste the Tragic, Rebellious, Pathetic, Brave;
Theirs is the kátharsis of words controlled:
Their table is Poetry's grave, with its cute memorial stone:
"Poetry"—Juan Ramón.

Rafael, in your Cádiz, white against blue quadrate,
In your District of Angels, Cádiz,
If there is cadence of wind or sun, bells
Toll it, record it; and you
Translate the liquid characters as they run.
The shudder of rain on the roofs is rain only,
Rain, rain only; but within the rain your Angels—
Informing rain and roofs and the stippled entries,
The wine-shop cats crouched in the sweet dust of wine,
Shell, wire, langosta, razor, musty files—
Move hugely, quiet; and your stricken eyes
Mark the santoral-sinew pulsing there,
Throbbing, Angel-rain, Angel-world, meaning-of-Angels,
Ladder of Cádiz, hallow-of-Angels latent,
The delicate armies, inward fire bright,
Alleluias of glass and bell, for ever white.

DUDLEY FITTS.

Islanders

They stand against the gale like boulders,
No storm can bend them to its will;
Blue shirts across wide sun-tanned shoulders
Are soaked and dried and bleached until

Worn thread on thread evolves a pattern.
Their wives have knuckles red from toil,
This island breeds no indolent slattern.
Whether the sea be smooth as oil,

Or chopping hard, or topped with foam,
The men go early to the nets,
And late they beat the long way home
With monstrous things the sea begets;

Great hairy spiders, writhing eels
Would drive the color from the tan,
And set to rocking on his heels
The timid ordinary man.

But these commit no wasteful error,
They salvage anything that floats,
When fish for food and fish for terror
Slap in the bottom of the boats.

Along the beach, stiff banners waving,
The dried cod stain the wind with salt,
And from a cloud of resinous shaving
Emerge the planks that have no fault.

KIMBALL FLACCUS.

Walk Do Not Run

In my mind lives a small clever gentleman
—ah there, Mr. Schmidt! Listening, Mr. Schmidt?
When I count from one to one hundred
Mr. Schmidt waits patiently, and between
sixty-two and sixty-three Mr.
Schmidt murmurs: "Seventy-one."
Ho ho, Mr. Schmidt! Not yet, Mr. Schmidt.

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Still, it's a pleasure having you. Try
some more prolans? a nicely grilled sweetbread?
Might I suggest some Lagrima Prostatæ Spumante 1930?
But I shouldn't recommend the cervelle brulée: it's
full of adrenalin today. But, my dear sir,
pray make yourself comfortable: my house is yours.

A way out.

SHERRY MANGAN.

For Certain Sectionalists

Keepsakes, testaments—
We have given you the best:
Pebble from Walden Pond, moss of the Manse,
Skyrocket over Concord—or, anyway, a bit of the stick,
A cup of Ishmael's sea-brewed liquor,
That Amherst letter unsent.

Maybe we swapped:
All these for your river raft and a leaf of grass.
And who's poorer? Who's lost anything?

Now in a poor vanity of greedy fear,
You scorn us, old, with all your youth.
We've sent all we have, you say,
And to hell with us:
We've gone thin in the chest, thick in the head
And breathe museum air.

You need not despair of us,
Though we gave you so much you think we must fail now.
Better be cautious:
There might be a bomb packed in the next mail.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT.

From "The Mirror of Venus"

I

Friends need not guard each other as the jealous
Moslem must segregate his odalisque,
no more than one need see the symboled phallus
while meditating at an obelisk.
If we could be together day after day
companionship, then turned an entering wedge,
compacted of our common work and play,
inevitable and slow would split the pledge
which now our lips have sworn in valediction:
that our hid selves in separation meet.
The corollary's simple contradiction
may yet make the contract obsolete.

Habit is evil—all habit, even speech—
and promises prefigure their own breach.

II

Bragging of hatred, hurling termite threats and
Lonely for you, long absent, now I suffer
Agonies, having thought unkindly of you.
Daggers of blunt chagrin assail me, till I
Own to your remembered self, I prize not
Only your attributes, but your own essence.
None but a God can be his brother's keeper.
Undiscerning meddler, mislearned in kindness,
Fitted for sensibilities, not Love, were
One who would pine to hem your heart in his heart.
Wittingly I would never feel thus for you;
Pity is kin to scorn, but far more cruel.
Quit now of friendship we can never be;
Sundered our hearts, but never more our minds.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

Old Man's Song

I saw her hands, I saw her hands,
I thought myself a young man still,
I half reached out to touch her hands.
I smiled and turned away.
O empty death, come quickly, quickly,
Discontent has gone.

I saw his sullen boasting face,
I thought myself a young man still,
I raised my fist to strike that face.
I smiled and turned away.
O empty death, come quickly, quickly,
Discontent has gone.

I saw the dark stain on my heart,
I thought myself a young man still,
Lord, cleanse, I prayed, this darkened heart.
I smiled and turned away.
O empty death, come quickly, quickly,
Discontent has gone.

THEODORE SPENCER.

Pone Metum

Be not afraid, Cerinthus, the gods harm
not those who wear each other's love for charm—
or so Tibullus wrote in secret dread—
but those who venerate a passion dead.

Be not afraid. Did Goethe fear,
when with the sun the day's love set
to see the moon's new love appear?

Be not afraid.
The agony to be possessed
to hide and give hiding
to be naked undismayed
to find at last abiding
the mind's comfort and the blood's rest
without let:
all this shall seem bravura yet
and the slow charm be lost.

Oh my Cerinthus, then be not afraid
though all your being crumple and come unmade.
Be not afraid, if in the great fright,
for all the ravage and the sack
and the black frost,
you find on a moonless night
yourself intact.

R. P. BLACKMUR.

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Abyssinia Ice Cream

THE NOISE on the Stazione Marittima at Genoa was thick and persistent and deafening. The transport for Africa was not scheduled to leave until five in the afternoon, but all through the morning the sounds of preparation, the loading of machine guns, tearful goodbyes, the call of bugles and the marching of squadrons, filled the air. By afternoon the dock was crowded with visitors, mothers and wives to be left behind with sons still too young to go, merchants selling toothbrushes and neckties, and loyal Genoese come simply to cheer.

The decks of the ship were cluttered with soldiers and civilians. Young dark-haired heads smiled from the portholes. Always their answer to the tears and the cautions of the women was a smile of reassurance. Soldiers paced up and down the pier: infantry, carabinieri. When enthusiasm appeared to die momentarily, or a young man leaning over the rail looked as though he were beginning to regret his departure, the band was stirred up and a squad marched by, and the air rang with voices crying, "Abyssinia! Abyssinia!"

By four o'clock the din was tremendous. The jubilance of the sailing was undeniable. Even the women in their black dresses and the old white-haired men who had come to look on were caught by the excitement, the air of promise created by the scene.

By five o'clock you could not think. The band played. Bugles sounded on the decks. The ship's whistle thundered. Squads marched by. Salutes were fired. The crowd cheered. Waving, shouting, the healthy young men on the decks said goodbye as though they thought they were going on a vacation cruise around Sardinia, instead of heading for the blistering heat of Africa and the grim business of inviting war with the King of Kings, Haile Selassie I, and his people.

The crowd stood on the pier waving to the disappearing ship until six o'clock, shouting above the five hundredth repetition of the national anthem. One more ship had sailed for Africa, the sixth I had seen within four days, carrying a cargo of guns and ammunition and bombs, young recruits, carpenters, mechanics, weavers, road-builders, even interior decorators. Already at an adjacent dock another transport was being readied for a similar trip. The sailing today had been predominantly skilled workmen who were to colonize and build towns on the desert. Tomorrow's would be all troops and ammunition.

It is the same story in every port in Italy today. Ships leave Naples daily. The noise on the waterfront is tremendous with the constant arrival of trucks bearing more heavily wrapped guns to be loaded, cargoes of lumber, stone and marble. There are hordes of soldiers in every variety of uniform. Spectators are always numerous and enthusiastic. There is the music to be heard, and the cry of "Abyssinia!" In Italy this cry rings out like the enthusiastic call of the pioneering explorer's "Westward ho!" It is a call to action, an excuse for excitement, a taunt to patriotism.

In the sleepy old town of Pisa, whose chief claim to importance is a campanile that is tilted, one heard unmistakably the word "Abyssinia" float across the Piazza from a nervous group of conversationalists. Near Pompeii two old crones were sitting in desultory chatter. A man came along and said very loudly, "Abyssinia," and both women stood up and smiled. A fisherman off the coast of Sicily caught a large fish, pointed at it, and said proudly, "Abyssinia!"

One night in Naples when I went with a friend in search of a little cool air up the hill of San Martino, we found comfortable chairs at a sidewalk café. Someone was playing Verdi inside, but the special treat on the menu, which the waiter happily indicated, was Abyssinia Ice Cream. We ordered it. Chocolate with pistachio nuts. And we thought of all the Italians swallowing propaganda this way, like ice cream.

It is difficult to understand or explain the wild zeal in Italy among the people over Mussolini's African activities. Principally, perhaps, they are pleased to have the militarism upon which they have been nourished for years finally concentrated upon some definite goal. As much as Italians like a show, a parade and a marching song, their temperament also requires positive action. And now they have something tangible upon which to fix their interest. Propaganda, as though it were advertising a big picnic, insistently makes it seem more inviting. Abyssinia is mentioned and promoted in a thousand ways until it has become a household word and a business trademark.

The majority of Italians, obviously ignorant of the diplomatic or economic factors behind Mussolini's moves, consider Ethiopia almost as good as theirs already. The soldiers consider the campaign a sort of treasure hunt, of which they want to be a part. Ethiopia takes on the proportions of a Happy Valley of milk and honey, which Il Duce is making into an Italian garden for everyone. No Neapolitan or Genoese that I spoke to knew the unpleasant facts of the African climate, disease and waste. Furthermore, Mussolini has assumed a heroic guise of Lincolnesque humanitarianism in the eyes of many Italians, a great emancipator of the African slaves, held in painful bondage and suppression.

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The popular success of the Ethiopian campaign ithin Italy itself seemed also to be the result of e surface indication of prosperity it has given to e larger cities. Many workmen, unemployed for long time, have been signed for extended terms work in the colonization of Eritrea and Somaliand. Laborers, skilled and unskilled, for all types construction work have found jobs with the govnment in this new promised land. It has proded some place for the youth to go—war. All is has been a potent impetus in making the Italians el that prosperity is going to reach new heights. lore men are being signed daily. There are long ieues outside the recruiting offices. Mussolini's ual stadium displays of gymnastic strength, opera *llila,* new anti-aircraft guns, tanks and the rest of e regimented entertainment have also gone into e business of popularizing Abyssinia.

As for the final outcome of the Ethiopian camign, most Italians, although muddled about deils, seem convinced that it will be successful.

"Successful in what way?" I asked one intelligent oman student. "In promoting war?"

He smiled. "No, my friend, in promoting peace."

I was not to be outdone by an old fascist answer. uggested that the expense of this whole imperialic move of Mussolini's would mount to such an erwhelming figure, even by September, that the ssible failure of the campaign might easily spell s own defeat. And strategic military chances apar to be as much against Italy as for her.

The loyal fascist smiled again. "Italy cannot il," was his answer. "We have the most modern ns, the most intelligent war engineers and officers, e latest and strongest aviation force. The exnse will be worth it in the end. Italy must expand d Italy must protect her colonies. Italy must e the Ethiopian slaves."

"You have been reading the newspapers," I reed. "But what about the effect upon the people ien they discover what a desert they have sent eir money to? What about the verbal reports the soldiers and the workmen who discover that rica is not a picnic, but an inferno of heat and ease, where they have suffered to further one n's ambition for power, to aid capitalism, and r? Your Giornale d'Italia does not describe rica as it really is."

"It may not be an ideal place. I have heard rying rumors. But the larger question is—what ll this first acquisition not lead Italy to? To eater triumph, greater security—and greater ace. You understand the thing wrongly, my end. You Americans are so pessimistic. We shall ceed in Africa. Never fear. We shall succeed the world."

"But—"

"Come, it is so warm, let us go down to the *ergo* on the corner. I want you to try some of s delicious new Abyssinia ice cream."

JAMES BROUGHTON.

Washington Notes

The Left Joins the Right—F.D.R. as a Bulwark Against Fascism—Preëlection Buds—Neutrality Gets Nowhere

THE TAX bill has broken the normal alignments in Congress. Momentarily it has brought about an alliance of the left-wingers from the Northwestern states with the extreme conservatives. Both groups condemn the bill as insufficiently drastic. Inflationists and those who regard Ogden L. Mills as a fount of politico-economic wisdom unite in opposing it. Seldom has a measure been received with such thundering disapprobation.

It is a mistake to think that, despite its relative innocuousness, the tax bill has not stirred up deep emotions among members of Congress. Many left-wingers believe that another such opportunity to obtain a fundamental change in our tax philosophy may not come for several years, and that new taxes are vital to their cause. Since the beginning of the New Deal, the left-wingers have gained a wholly new concept of the uses of government funds. With the original $3,300,000,000 P.W.A. fund, they saw Mr. Roosevelt institute the first national system of relief in our history. They watched him begin the development of the country's hydro-electric resources, and make a gesture towards the construction of low-cost housing. In a burst of light, it occurred to them that it is possible to buy reforms with money, just as an individual buys groceries, or a hat, or a ton of coal. It is a lesson that none of them will forget. Last winter they were impressed by the Lundeen unemployment-insurance bill, which scientifically balanced a genuine social-insurance system against heavily increased taxation. If the Treasury were certain of large additional funds, they believe that they could force the enactment, at future sessions of Congress, of important and long overdue reforms.

The conservative elements in Congress consider increased taxes equally imperative, although for a wholly different reason. To most people, I think, the notion is fantastic that presently the printing of paper money will begin, that a cup of coffee or a good cigar will cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and that we shall be face to face with economic ruin. But if you assume that Mr. Roosevelt will be reëlected, and that four-billion-dollar deficits will run along for five more years, it can set you to brooding. Most reactionaries do not think that Mr. Roosevelt is master of his party or of the country, do not think that he can avoid spending while unemployment continues, which they suspect may be for a very long time. Neither do they think that there is a chance of obtaining increased taxation from Congress next winter with the campaign impending.

Now that the conservatives are coöperating with the left-wingers, a continuance of the session into the late autumn and the writing of wholly new tax legislation would be inevitable if it were not for one thing. That is that the left-wingers are not ready to break definitely with Mr. Roosevelt. They have had disheartening setbacks in this session, but the more thoughtful among them are disturbed by the evidences of what they consider the fascist temper of the country, and feel that Mr. Roosevelt may

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still be their best bulwark against a mounting fascist tide. They have largely ceased to worry about Senator Long and no longer regard Father Coughlin with awe. But the size and character of the following attracted by these two men impress them a great deal. They judge it to be predominantly lower-middle class in its thinking, at heart reactionary and probably opposed to measures designed primarily for workers and farm laborers. If Mr. Roosevelt wants the left-wingers to accept his tax program, and is ready to put pressure on them, they will give in. In that case, you may expect an adjournment of Congress early in September.

The 1936 election is still fifteen months away, but already there are signs, gratifying to professional politicians, that money is slowly starting to flow. The travels of Mr. Bainbridge Colby about the country, and the admiring references to him in the Hearst press, excite their interest. The idea that there are rich men prepared to spend important money on Democratic politics is a comparatively novel one to them, but they remember John J. Raskob in 1928, and who knows but that another angel may be disclosed next year. On the Republican side, half a dozen candidacies are sprouting, with that of Colonel Frank Knox of Chicago promising the earliest blooms.

The hope that a neutrality bill would be passed at this session is fading, although it still exists. A majority of Congress is eager for some sort of legislation to keep the country out of future wars, but each time a specific measure is formulated, wide differences of opinion appear. One of these differences is based on practical politics. If the United States were to put into effect a policy of non-intercourse with European belligerents, it would immediately injure the export sales of wheat, and might conceivably mean their abrupt cessation. As it happens, the most devoted pacifists in Congress are from the wheat states. It is true that at present our wheat exports have shrunk to a trickle, but the Western farmers still have hopes, however illusory, of a booming export trade in the future. The other obstacle has an idealistic basis. If the United States adopts legislation for non-intercourse with belligerents, by the same act it reads itself out of the collective system for world peace. In announcing that it will not trade with a belligerent, it also announces that it will not aid the League members against a violator of the Covenant. Many members of Congress who advocate neutrality legislation are old followers of Woodrow Wilson. While most of them do not want the United States to join the League, they are reluctant to appear hostile to it.

A third difficulty lies in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt will accept neutrality legislation only if it has first received the approval of the State Department experts. It is only just to say that the State Department is genuinely concerned about the neutrality problem, but its officials have a bureaucratic instinct against measures that restrict its freedom in diplomatic negotiation. The one group whose attitude is clear and unwavering is the old irreconcilable bloc in the Senate, led by Senators Borah and Johnson. Neither Idaho potatoes nor California fruits depend upon an export market, and doing injury to the League of Nations pleases them greatly.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Reverses for Sound Thinkers—A Mislabeled Ta Bill—Pointers for Artful Dodgers— Detroit and Russia

THE SLINGS and arrows of outrageous fortur have not all been falling on the bowed heads of ou Sound Thinkers, who have been able to gather more tha a few crumbs of comfort these last two weeks. The Roos velt program had another setback in an adverse A.A.A decision and this was pleasant reading for the Keepers of tl National Wisdom. The G.O.P. now has two authent issues—save the Constitution and balance the budget. De old Samuel Insull, the weeping grandpa, has had h $21,000 life pension restored by the Chicago compani "he served so well." And Carter Glass has earned tl right to another flock of degrees next year by putting h version of the banking bill through the Senate. Thus tl banks can get back into the old racket of pushing securiti on their customers, which opens up a good trade for tl firms that used to print those handsome embossed signs- "Ask Your Banker." Morgan and Company can get ba into the securities business under the Glass bill. John Dic inson, one of the early Roosevelt revolutionists, servi under Red Dan Roper, is holding the fort in what is know as the Justice Department "enforcing" (no laughter pleas the Sherman anti-trust law. The Sound Thinkers ha got Congress groggy at last and almost ready to adm that it is Public Enemy Number One and ought to st saving the country and go home. And to cap all, tl Comintern has proved the whole case for the Sound Thin ers by officially claiming credit for all the strikes in Ameri and practically advising its American legions—the who 30,000 of them—to join the left-wing Democrats—pe haps under Roosevelt. Yes, there is much comfort in a this for our Sound Thinkers. If Sam Insull can con back, who can't? Maybe Hoover will be our next Pre dent. That wouldn't be any more amazing than his fir nomination.

Somehow a means should be found to get after the Roos velt administration for misbranding. The N.R.A. w sold to us as a great liberal revolution. A good mai other funny and not so funny products were sold und strange labels. Now Roosevelt's Share-the-Wealth pr gram comes on the market. Not in my memory has dishonest a piece of legislation been seriously offered to tl American people. Of course, if the bill comes to a vo every liberal in both Houses will have to vote for it b cause of the pittance it gives. But the effort to amend should be nothing short of heroic. Indeed, there is gra question whether it is not better to reject it altogether order to force action later on a more honest piece of legi lation.

As a revenue raiser, it is hardly worth talking abo among serious people. Its proponents expect to raise $27 000,000 by it. But that is pretty hopeful. There w have to be a lot of plugging in the inheritance and gift-t provisions and the individual-income provisions before an thing like that sum can be hoped for.

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These so-called taxes of 30 percent on incomes of $50,000 re a little deceiving. These are taxes on $50,000 after l deductions have been made. And the art of deduction as risen to such proportions that, ordinarily, a man with a 75,000 to $100,000 income doesn't have much trouble queezing in as a $50,000 boy. But this bill, roving the lains in search of wealth to tax, lifts the tax on $50,000 ncomes from 30 percent at present to 31 percent. Out f the incomes of our successful money getters who know ow to make from $50,000 up to millions a year, the ealth distributors are reaching for $45,000,000—with a eficit of $3,500,000,000 facing us.

It is estimated that $93,000,000 will be taken in inheri- nce taxes. But not if the Bank of New York and Trust ompany can stop it. They advertise that if you will se the voluntary trust under their guidance for managing n estate they will save from $80,000 to $230,000 for you rt of a $400,000 inheritance levy. But, even if the tax ustrators are not busy, what is $93,000,000 out of the tates that are to be settled this year?

The new graduated tax on corporations, as adopted, ill add $15,000,000 and the excess-profits taxes pro- osed—if Pat Harrison doesn't kill them—will yield 100,000,000.

It would be easy, without depriving our industrial nobles f a single yacht and without reducing any of our $10,000 en to beggary, to make a tax bill that would yield from billion to two billion dollars, depending on how well ne loopholes were plugged up. The amazing part of this medy is that the administration leaders in the Senate tterly criticize the whole thing because it has gone far eyond what the President suggested. It has indeed—far eyond—which will show how little the President really anted to do.

There are two bits of news this week that are very ifficult for any Sound Thinking person to digest. Out in Detroit there was a strike of women against high meat rices. Butcher shops were picketed and customers who efused to join in the boycott were roughly handled by ne picketing women. Of course this was branded as a Communist stratagem. But the mayor of Hamtramck—ne Detroit suburb where it all occurred—said there was o communism involved and that the "big majority of the icketers were good, honest people with a legitimate com- laint against exorbitant meat prices." The Chief of Po- ce suggested to the women that they go see Roosevelt. But the leader replied that it was Roosevelt who had tarted all this with his killing little pigs. She might have dded that he once said: "If we can't get prices up one way, we will get them up another."

All this is sufficiently disturbing. But it becomes a ivage irritant when we find in the same paper—a dispatch o The New York Times from its own correspondent—hat in Russia there have been great increases in output of ll food products there and sharp declines in prices. Food rices in ten leading cities have declined 53 percent in wo years and most rapidly in the last few months.

But apparently prices in America have really only begun o rise. This is the American notion of a return of pros- erity—one shared to the fullest extent by the President.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Mr. McGrady's Strange Companions—Purging the Relief Rolls—Notable Example of Economy on New York Newspapers

FOLLOWING a conference held in Washington last week by the Department of Labor, it was announced that the federal government may take action against the so-called radicals in the marine unions on the Pacific Coast. There are several interesting, not to say disconcerting, things to note about this conference. In the first place, it was attended by the West Coast shipowners, Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady and the national heads of the A.F. of L. and of the longshoremen's and seamen's unions. Among those not present, significantly, were the rank-and-file leaders of the West Coast unions. They have been summoned, however, to Washington to defend their allegedly radical activities at a hearing to be held in the near future. Meanwhile, the results of last week's conference have been described by Elisha Hanson, counsel for the steamship companies, as follows: "I believe there will be united efforts for a purge of Communists. It may mean a hell of a scrap for a while, but I assured the conference last night, in behalf of the shipowners, that the owners will deal with the A.F. of L., and the A.F. of L. only, if its leadership is capable of carrying out its commitments."

What is especially ominous in all this, of course, is the fact that these reported plans for united action are being hatched at the very time that the marine workers and the Pacific shipping lines are rapidly heading toward a new battle, one that may be even more bitter than the strike that paralyzed the Coast last year. In a few weeks, the present agreement between the longshoremen and the shipping companies expires, and the companies have already announced that they do not intend to renew the agreement. The reason given by the employers for this decision is that the rank-and-file leadership—of which Harry Bridges is outstanding—is communistic and has violated its contracts. Yet there is little evidence that the unions have done anything very radical. The chief complaint against them is that they have refused to work on ships loaded by strike-breakers in Vancouver, where the longshoremen are on strike. Far from being radical, such tactics are in the best trade-union tradition.

One can understand, of course, why both the shipowners and the conservative A.F. of L. officials are willing to use the smoke screen of communism to discredit the militant tactics of the rank and file. For these tactics have won for the West Coast longshoremen better working conditions than obtain in any other district. Naturally, this has proved annoying to the employers and embarrassing to conservative leaders like Joseph P. Ryan, international president of the longshoremen. The old-line labor officials have a further reason for disliking the rank and file: they have the example of Paul Scharrenberg, long an official of the seamen's union, whom the rank and file expelled a few months ago for "anti-labor" activity. Obviously, such happenings can give one the jitters. It is difficult, however, to understand the role of Mr. McGrady and the government in this Red-

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baiting business. For the government's threat to take action represents a dangerous approach to the fascist ideal of government control of trade-union policy. In democratic trade unions, in a democratic country, political beliefs are no bar to membership or leadership and certainly are no concern of the government.

A hopeful contrast to the anti-rank-and-file sentiment among the elders in the maritime unions is the action taken last week by the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. The Executive Board reinstated some twenty lodges, representing a majority of the membership of the A.A., which had been expelled early this year for rank-and-file activities. It should be added, however, that the reinstatement, which provides once more for united action among all steel workers, was won only after a long and skillful fight on the part of the expelled unions.

In response to the complaints of farmers that they were having difficulty in finding harvest hands, the order has gone out from Washington to "purge the relief rolls." According to Assistant Relief Administrator Lawrence Westbrook, the instructions are that "any person on relief who refuses a job will be cut off immediately." Six farming states have already responded nobly. Five of them have taken all able-bodied men off relief, while the sixth —South Dakota—has done a more thorough job. It has stopped all relief, both state and federal, "until all farmers needing help have been supplied with such help."

From the drastic nature of this policy, it might be assumed that people on relief have suddenly become lazy and must be forced to take jobs. That is, however, quite clearly not the case, despite many reports to the contrary. The present wholesale discharge of families from relief rolls is almost certain to cause untold hardship. Many workers will probably be unable to find jobs, others will have to accept work under intolerable conditions and with inadequate pay. And once the job is finished, the business of getting back on relief will probably involve the same tortuous procedure of filing an application, being investigated, and waiting days and sometimes weeks before receiving aid.

When all the unions in Terre Haute, involving some 20,000 workers, walked out in a general strike a fortnight ago, apparently only one New York newspaper—The New York Times—considered the event of sufficient importance to send a special correspondent to the scene. Of course, if Terre Haute had offered a prize fight, a middling important football game or some similar attraction, it is probable —almost certain—that every paper would have had its appropriate, specialized correspondent there to get the local color. But the third general strike in the history of the country could be covered, as it were, by proxy.

It is worth noting, however, that the papers who relied on the wire services got something less than adequate coverage. They got the rough outline of the story, but they missed the most significant details—such facts, for example, as that the National Guardsmen went on a virtual rampage, yanked citizens out of beds, picked men up on the streets, and locked them up inside the mill until they were ready to work. These are a few of the items reported by Joseph North in The New Masses of August 6, and it is curious that the U.P. and A.P. missed them. Or, perhaps they didn't miss them. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Nomination

SIR: I have just read Malcolm Cowley's "Directions for Making a Genius," in your issue of July 24. It seems to me that Mr. Cowley has made one important error. Namely, his prediction that this genius will appear "within the next ten or fifteen years." The fact is that, according to Mr. Cowley's "directions," this American literary genius has already appeared. Let us see how he fits Mr. Cowley's qualifications; and let me fill in several minor points of information as well.

This American literary genius was born in the South. He has "working-class sympathies." He has been, and is being, continually "attacked for being revolutionary . . . or obscene. . . . " The authorities always have, and do, "interfere with his books or suppress them altogether, but the public" somehow continues to read them.

He is a writer who has come "to express and embody the ideals of . . . a rising social class. He is a leader who never goes so fast that he leaves his followers behind. Indeed, he lives in a peculiarly close relationship with those who read his books. . . . " He has "imagination, sensitiveness, narrative power. . . . " He has, for example, "a simple-mindedness that enables him to reduce problems and situations to their bare essence." He is "able to make himself heard by the masses." And he certainly does. He is "curious about the lives of everyone he meets," and he gives them "the sort of sympathy that broadens and deepens his own emotions." He serves a "cause that is independent of his personal ambitions." He has written a great deal, and works long hours. He does not have James Joyce's "social irresponsibility and contempt for his audience."

He didn't, and probably "won't receive the Pulitzer Prize or the Nobel Prize, except by accident. . . . " He has been jailed "on account of his political opinions." And I believe that those who know his work will agree that, "at the very least, he will be heard."

All the above facts are taken directly from his writings and his personal record. His name is Upton Sinclair.

Roxbury, Mass. HERBERT ROTEFSKY.

The Utilities in San Francisco

SIR: Secretary of the Interior Harold I. Ickes is now puzzling on what to do to San Francisco for violating the Raker Act by which Congress granted the city its water and power project. At a recent hearing Secretary Ickes held in Washington, he asked San Francisco representatives why the city persisted in violating the provisions of the Act by selling city-generated Hetch Hetchy power to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a private corporation. The Act specifies that the city itself must distribute this electricity directly to the public, and provides that if the city does what it is now doing (that is, selling Hetch Hetchy power to the company), the Hetch Hetchy grant shall revert to the government of the United States. City officials argued that the sale was merely "temporary." Secretary Ickes pointed out that the "temporary" sale had been going on for the last ten years, with the end nowhere in sight.

Speaking for myself and thousands of other law-abiding citizens I have petitioned Secretary Ickes immediately to seize the whole Hetch Hetchy project. Upon seizure, I urge that he put into operation an authority, similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority to administer the Hetch Hetchy project as a publicly owned enterprise. In other words, that the government establish a T.V.A

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n California and redeem the Hetch Hetchy bonds out of the profits, hus relieving the city of its $100,000,000 obligation.

As to the "temporary" sale of power by the city to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, I say that the $2,000,000 a year the company pays the city for Hetch Hetchy power is a bribe pure and simple, paid for the sole purpose of keeping the city out of he business of selling electricity directly to the public. The company indirectly admitted that the payment was a bribe when it old the State Railroad Commission that it already has plants to enerate far more electricity than it can sell.

San Francisco, Calif. BENNETT L. WILLIAMS.

On the Church Front

SIR: Hearst writers are now insisting that the clergy are being subsidized from Moscow, there being nothing else to account or the show of liberalism. Our would-be leftist friends are ertain that we are the great support of capitalism. But it is we hat week after week pound away on respectable tories that The ew Republic never gets within a newsstand of. Most liberal literaure is just so much auto-suggestion for liberals. In middle-class ociety liberalism has no better friend than the young clergyman.

WILLARD A. BICKET.

Congregational Church, Hooksett, N. H.

The Myth of a "Jewish Race"

SIR: The review by Hans Kohn in The New Republic for July 31 of seven books dealing with the problems involving e Jews shows up in strong relief the persistence of a myth at has no basis in fact, among both the enemies and the advocates the Jews. This myth is to the effect that the Jews of today are separate race, a "Semitic" race, and so forth.

Yet the available and published evidence is strong indeed to ow that the Jews, like the American people, are a mixture of l the national and "racial strains" of Europe. . . . It needs only reasonable familiarity with the demographic study of the Jews discover how completely heterogeneous, racially and culturally, ey are. There is nothing more effective in sight for easing the any problems that affect the Jews than the wide dissemination the knowledge that the idea of a separate race is a myth. This the complete answer to all the theories of Hitler and his intelctual supporters. . . .

There is definite historical evidence of overwhelmingly large lmixture of non-Semitic, non-Hebrew elements in the Jews of day, specifically including the Jewish Germans; and to slight is evidence is to contribute to the existing chaos.

Verona, N. J. STEPHEN G. RICH.

Save the Forests

SIR: I appeal to you because the National Forests are again in serious danger. Another attempt is under way to get the ational Forests and the forest work of the government transferred om the Agricultural Department, where the forests are safe d the work well done, back to the Department of the Interior, om which they were taken because of wretched management. ne present attempt is made under cover of an effort (Senate ll 2665) to change the name of the Interior Department to the epartment of Conservation and Public Works. The transfer of e National Forests and the Forest Service is not mentioned in e bill, but is planned for later on.

Conservation is too broad a subject to be confined to any one epartment. Nearly all of them deal with it in one form or other. A Department of Conservation would be almost as ogical as a Department of Typewriting or a Department of astebaskets, which everybody has to use. The conservation licy itself, and almost every important conservation movement the last thirty years, originated in the Department of Agrilture. It has shown practical horse sense in dealing with tural resources intelligently, uprightly and without fraud or loss. In contrast, the record of the Interior Department is far and ay the worst in Washington. Every natural resource, without ception, that has been held for disposal by the Interior Departnt—public lands, Indian lands, coal, oil, water power and timber—has been wasted and squandered at one time or another. It is one long story of fraud in public lands, theft in Indian lands, and throwing the people's property away. . . .

Secretary of the Interior Ickes is sincere and honest, but he cannot live forever. Secretary Garfield was honest, but Secretary Ballinger, his successor, tried to give away the people's water power and the coal lands in Alaska. The resulting scandal cost Taft his reëlection. And everybody remembers Teapot Dome, when Secretary Fall handed the navy's oil lands over to the despoilers. Fall tried hard to get his hands on the National Forests.

Ickes is my friend. Wallace is my friend. But the National Forests could not be better handled in the Interior Department than in the Department of Agriculture, where they have been safe for thirty years. . . . Wood is a crop. Forestry is tree farming. It belongs in the Department of Agriculture with all other farming and production from the soil. Let the National Forests stay where they are. . . .

Milford, Pa. GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Extracts from Letters

AN APPEAL for help in the case of John Montjoy, Negro youth of Covington, Kentucky, now sentenced to be hanged for rape, has been sent to us by representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The defense committee points out that Negroes are and have been excluded from the jury panel; that the alleged confession of Montjoy was obtained under duress; that no medical examination of the victim was made; and that the court-appointed defense counsel offered no defense evidence whatever at the trial, and did not even put the defendant on the stand. A campaign has been instituted to obtain reversal of the conviction and a new trial, and persons interested in seeing justice done in this case are urged by the committee to send letters and telegrams to Judge Rogers Clay, Kentucky Court of Appeals, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Alan Pressley Wilson, 3925 Frisby Street, Baltimore, Maryland, has published anti-war stickers for use on correspondence. They read "ABOLISH WAR! If we had no war debts hanging over us this letter might be sent for One Cent!" Mr. Wilson offers to send copies of this seal free of charge to any of our readers who will write to him for them.

The Provisional Committee for Cuba has made public a letter from Guillermo Patterson, Ambassador from Cuba to the United States, denying the Committee the right to present a statement relative to the deportation of the recent Commission of Investigation, which was not allowed to land in Cuba. The Provisional Committee sponsored this Commission and as a result of not being allowed even to present a statement of its stand, the Provisional Committee calls on persons and organizations to send protests to Ambassador Patterson at the Cuban Embassy in Washington, D. C.

The New York City Conference of Social Scientists and Project Workers sends a report of its recent meeting held at Columbia University and sponsored jointly by the Columbia Faculty and Workers' Committee and the Interprofessional Association. The Conference voted unanimously for complete administrative control by those having most to gain from improving the social usefulness of work projects, namely the workers themselves, together with project sponsors and outside experts; for sharp revision upwards of the President's $19 to $94 pay scale to trade-union, prevailing, or present P.W.A. wages; for the abolition of the word "relief" from application to the work projects; and for forceful organization toward appropriations to put to work every individual who wishes to work, specifically encouraging cultural projects.

H. E. Wigle writes from Seattle, Washington, to say that much of the protest over the dismissal of liberal professors from various institutions of learning is wasted because he thinks a great deal of the blame attaches to the teaching profession itself. He says that if teachers did a really good job they would teach the rising generation the defects of our present economic and political system so that once the rising generation has risen, it will see the need and make the changes and teachers will be in no danger.

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White Chimneys and Times Square

GOING back and forth to this Connecticut farm, where my house is, I have, what with trains, stations and people at my door, been seeing rather more of human types or characters. It may be that some of these many people observed are more in line with our native, not Broadway, traditions; it may be that literature has developed more fully the kind of qualities they present. It may be that I have more time in which to do my observations and more relaxation for the exercise of them; and it may, also, be that the persons I have looked at have more time in which to express themselves and a more relaxed living exercise by which they may arrive at what they are.

Take my visitor Mr. E——, who likes to drop in on us at White Chimneys. Once, he tells me, there were seven brothers of them at home, and it seemed like they just passed the diseases around. So he had, what's that worst disease of all? It's the one makes holes in your face. Smallpox? I say. Yes. Well, he had that, while some other brothers had other things, not, of course, all at the same time. So when he got well and went back to school, the teacher said where's your youngest brother, and he said now that one's got the Very Lord, which was about the size of it, varioloid being just about as bad as smallpox itself. The Very Lord—he rocks with laughter over the Scriptural joke. On the fragile, veiny little hand the forefinger is held out; it punctuates every clause in his conversation, though it is very weak and vague itself and points between coughs. Just a throat trouble. Otherwise if you smoke one good five-cent cigar a year and make a quart of Scotch whiskey last you around two years, you don't have to be sick. He recites a poem, about being a friend to the man on the road, shaking meanwhile the forefinger, and spitting; he spits, for the most part only air, at every pause. And then with that tiny body, blue eyes, jaunty expectoration, he moves across the lawn like a puff of slim smoke, walking with the knees close together, the head bobbing a little on the neck. Now look here, he says, goodbye, and just remember he never intends to be more than twenty years old. When he says this, I on my part decide to picture him as a sheer whiff of angel, one foot in the grave, and the twinkling eyes of a bird.

That very same day on the station platform is a gray image made up of a rep suit, quite like a man's, a round cap, boy's shirt, hair cropped as close as a boy's, and under all that a pair of feet as downright as a shovel. One would think her a parody of some comic satire on male and female. Or she might be the mummy of Jenny Wren. Then she turns and I see her face, that tight mouth, those cheeks furrowed like a walnut. And yet not over forty-five. But at last come the eyes—she so far has been reading a pamphlet—and everything changes, for they are double-sized, gray like glass, and both egotistical and deep, as if the walnut were crystal gazing. Her neighbor in the train a moment later is wheezy but wears his hat as if all his apparel were of some elegant rapacity, though the way the coat slides off the shoulders, being ten or more inches too large, makes almost a cartoon. He wears three cornflowers in his lapel and sucks the corners of his mustache.

Just ahead of the old man a seat has been turned backward and three tall ladies are seated there, two of them obviously sisters, and the third a cousin, for all three pull up their necks, long and high and prim, in exactly the same way. The human comedy then suddenly becomes perfect, for one of them has dropped something, the three bags open, three flashlights come out, and the three great frames bend with the rays in a family search of the floor.

These instances are mere shadows of our endless life. What people think of themselves we may wonder from their faces. How right that walk is for this man. And that one would, just as he in fact does, cock an eyebrow when he is thinking and click his teeth. The slight young Swedish laborer, who looks as if he had done hard work in his day but had found himself out in time and gone in for crooning, the roadway dance halls and gin, puts his hand up repeatedly to his ear to hear better; there is a mastoid scar behind one of the small ears; on his forefinger he wears a large silver ring with an agate. The young matron beside him in the crowded car is proud and cool, very much powdered, the eyelids long, the neck firm, the gloves of lawn, the dress looking as if she had covered herself entirely with cloth and then cut herself almost out of it. The old lady across the aisle speaks to her now and then, each time taking off her glasses, rapping them on the arm of the seat, and perching them back on her nose again with the end of her remark.

The thought comes into my mind, not for the first time, as to why character-acting has become so rare on our stage. I do not mean so much character-acting in the sense of some particular personality, such, for instance, as Miss Alison Skipworth, Mr. Guy Kibbee or Mr. W. C. Fields, particular personalities, performers who do the same sort of thing in piece after piece, sometimes divertingly, or so at least for a time or two. We have a good many people on our stage whose specialty of some type is exploited and repeated, and supposed to be an unchanged staple, a type commodity. I mean rather the decline on our stage of character details, that delight in watching human beings here and everywhere, setting down a walk, a gesture, a crotchet which has written itself upon a face or movement; I mean the kind of abundance that Dickens affords us, and that even now English players have more of than ours. With the streets so rich, why should the stage be so dull of all living variations outside of the heroic, the romantic and sentimental, the proletarian, the gangster, the female leg? Does some of this lack of character creation, detail, observation come from the fact that the Broadway theatre is but largely vacuous Broadway, which knows little of the familiar natural scene and almost nothing of America, and which has habits that cannot foster any playful, loving delight in the human ways and manifestations? We have there, for the most part, minds that are fed on newspapers, conceptions that are provincial within pavement and box-office limits, directors who are usually without the simple courage that would preserve or seek a bloom afresh for every role in every play directed, and who have neither the method nor capacity to pass beyond mere type casting into a free and rippling theatre with the memory, bounce and variety of life in it. We need to seek more texture for the acting surface.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Bread and Butter Letter

NOW THAT the former Prince Mirsky is home again, after ten years of writing and teaching in Great Britain, he shows no mercy towards the capitalist heresies in which he indulged during the early years of his exile. He has become more Communist than the Kremlin, and he cannot forgive British writers for continuing to defend their interests as members of an imperial ruling caste. But interwoven with Mirsky's communism there is a hidden thread of Russian nationalism, so that he seems to be attacking Wells, Eddington, Russell, Keynes and their colleagues for the double crime of not being Marxist and not being Muscovite.

His new book on "The Intelligentsia of Great Britain"[1] is a bread-and-butter letter by a disgruntled guest. To those of us who are neither Russian nor English it is both valuable and exasperating. One of its most nettlesome features is the dogmatism that makes him judge, condemn and execute every writer who attacks or even ignores the Communist credo. But more subtly irritating is his habit of confusing *social result* with *private purpose*. Thus, he says that the socialism of the Fabian Society "was, historically, a cunning maneuver, a protective measure of capitalism during its transformation into imperialism." This certainly was not the purpose of most Fabians—and if they achieved another result than they desired, where exactly was their cunning? He says about the idealistic theories of Eddington and Jeans that "however unsatisfactory they may be from a philosophical standpoint, they are very skillful and clever from a social standpoint." Here again, through failing to distinguish between effect and intention, he endows his opponents with superhuman adroitness. You read and wonder how the proletariat can ever triumph over such an army of Machiavellis.

Faults like these are characteristic of the Marxian method when it is applied with the stiff enthusiasm of a convert. But Mirsky's book also shows the essential strength of the method; that is why you continue reading it in spite of your impatience (and in spite of a translation that belongs in any list of the World's Wearisome Worst). Among other virtues, Mirsky has the gift of conceiving his subject as a whole, of demonstrating its real unity. British culture, in his eyes, is not a list of individual names and separate achievements: it is a single interrelated process in which the intelligentsia plays a role that cannot be separated from the others. Imperialism, Kipling, the Labor Party, Shaw, Wells, the rise of the lower middle class, the War, the Bloomsbury group, the crisis of 1931, Eliot's conversion to Anglo-Catholicism—all these he regards as episodes in the same story; he shows their historical connection.

But the best passages in the book are those in which Mirsky passes judgment on individuals. He has the habit, common among Marxian critics, of refusing to take writers and thinkers on their own terms. Almost always he looks at them from the outside; he tries to define their function in society; and this approach gives firmness and freshness to his verdicts. Judgment is expressed, moreover, in language so sharp and biting that even the translator cannot file away its teeth. In quoting a few of them, I won't apologize for changing the style and trying to approximate what Mirsky himself would have written in English.

Thus, he says of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" that its most striking characteristic "is the author's complete inability to see farther than his nose, his complete incapacity for generalization, and the complete absence of any sort of conception of history as a whole."

He dribbles out a little praise to D. H. Lawrence, but only for his earlier work. In the end, Lawrence's conception of himself came to be that "of an aboriginal goat yearned after by the womenfolk of the bourgeoisie, who could not be satisfied by their corrupt and impotent men."

Aldous Huxley "is not at all of the same stature as Proust, Joyce or Eliot. Those three writers, feeling within themselves the poisons of their own decomposition, have been big enough to create a well rounded artistic expression of the blind alley in which history has placed them, whereas all that Huxley can do is to record and make scattered sketches of the decay that is his from head to foot."

Bernard Shaw is the one living writer singled out for qualified and niggardly approval. He helped to introduce some logic into British society. The nineteenth-century capitalists, Mirsky says, "had based their whole outlook on unlimited individualism in the economic sphere and harsh discipline in personal life. But Shaw proclaimed regulation and organization in the economic sphere and liberty, individuality, denial of all authority, in personal life. It was this complete reversal of prevailing standards of conduct that led the British to regard him as a professional paradox-maker. In reality Shaw's paradox was the point of the new era thrust ahead." Mirsky adds, however, that Shaw's reputation got the best of him and turned him into a paradox-maker pure and simple.

If possible, Mirsky has even less respect for British religion, philosophy and science than for recent British literature. The Church of England, he says, "accepted every new step in the secularization of the bourgeoisie as soon as it became last year's fashion, so that side by side with the latest 'atheism' there was yesterday's 'atheism' labeled 'our lastest style in Christianity.' "—"In Great Britain philosophy is a little lawn . . . well set about with notices to keep off the grass. On this lawn gentle scholars play a special kind of croquet, and are far from thinking of anything so unpleasant as taking over the leadership of thought."—Science, especially the theory of evolution, has been used to justify the exploitation of colonial peoples. "As they plundered natives and squeezed the last drop out of the working class, imperialists proclaimed that they were but instruments in the great evolution of higher biological forms which had brought us from amoeba to man and was now to complete the journey from Neanderthal man to such elevated forms as Disraeli and Cecil Rhodes."

I could quote at much greater length from Mirsky's bread-and-butter letter without including any expressions of polite esteem or assurances that his British hosts will prosper. Mirsky implies, on the contrary, that British culture has fallen into general decay, with no hope for the future except a proletarian revolution. For my own part I feel that he uses too much red and black in his picture, that the collapse will be delayed much longer than he fears or hopes, and that there is even some likelihood of a literary renaissance produced by the new ferment of social thinking. (Germany had one before Hitler, and France seems to be

[1] The Intelligentsia of Great Britain, by Dmitri Mirsky. Translated by Alec Brown. New York: Covici, Friede. 237 pages. $2.50.

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having one today.) But I also feel that in spite of his overstatements there is a hard core of truth in what he says about living British writers. Hardly anyone can fail to see that literature in England has been passing through a peculiarly bleak and sterile age. Thirty years ago Shaw, Chesterton, Wells and their contemporaries were the great men of letters, and they are still the great men today, for the simple reason that there have been very few newcomers to dispute their place. Only three first-rate writers have appeared in the British Isles since 1910: they are James Joyce, from Dublin, T. S. Eliot, from St. Louis, and D. H. Lawrence, from the submerged world of the coal miners. The British rulers have produced no genius of their own.

Mirsky has suggested the economic background of this sterility, but I wish that he had spent more time on its immediate social causes. Of course the War had a great deal to do with it, by killing half the men who might have become brilliant writers and discouraging the others. The British unofficial censorship has also played its quiet part, muffling dangerous books and infecting everyone with caution. But the principal narcotic agent now keeping British literature in an unhappy coma is the fact that it continues to be written by and for the British ruling caste.

Mirsky seems to believe that this caste is corrupt and ready to disintegrate; I think he is misled by his political enthusiasm. The British gentry is both united and vigorous, as it proves at every crisis when its rule is even faintly challenged. But its guiding philosophy has been so violently shaken that it has been forced to take refuge in mysticism, tradition or cynicism—none of them fruitful attitudes for a writer. And it is no longer a grasping, climbing, optimistic class, but rather one that tries to hold on to its old possessions, to count its medals and clip its coupons. When it looks into the future, it is appalled by the thought of wars and revolutions in which it may not survive; its eyes turn the other way. And not only Citizen Mirsky but all the rest of us are getting tired of the books in which the British gentry looks coyly into its past. MACOLM COWLEY.

Red Samarkand

Dawn Over Samarkand: The Rebirth of Central Asia, by Joshua Kunitz. New York: Covici, Friede. 348 pages. $3.

FIFTY years ago one of the thrilling books of travel was Captain Fred Burnaby's "A Ride to Khiva." It is a measure of the march of time to compare the horseback journey of the Englishman into an unknown region, among highly primitive races, with Joshua Kunitz' experience of a land and people emerging from a status quo of ten centuries into modern industrial civilization. Four or five years ago Miss Anna Louise Strong made a similar journey, recorded in "The Red Star of Samarkand." Even since that time the advance noted by Mr. Kunitz is remarkable.

Both these recent writers emphasize the simplicity and charm of the people, Uzbeks and Tadjiks, Kazaks and Turkomans. The state builders of the Soviet Union were favored in having such fine human material to work with; and it must be added that the people were fortunate in entering a socialized world without the long and bitter experience of exploitation under private capital. It is easy to believe that emancipation from the feudal tyranny of their emirs and beys into the freedom of a coöperative commonwealth should result in a cultural renaissance, an enthusiasm for education and a rebirth of popular art and poetry, of which "Dawn Over Samarkand" contains many examples.

A large part of Mr. Kunitz' book is occupied with the history of the struggle by which the Bolshevik revolution was achieved. The imperial conquest of Central Asia was conducted by Russia on the same lines as the British conquest of India. The old rulers, such as the emir of Bokhara, were left in large part undisturbed to carry on the exploitation of their subjects, and social and religious systems redounding to the benefit of privileged classes were maintained. In short, the chief effect was the superimposition of a new structure of control and taxation upon an old and decaying edifice. The same ferment of bourgeois unrest, however, was working in Bokhara as in Moscow. The Bolsheviks had to meet a natural hatred and distrust of Russians, inherited from the Tsarist regime, and also the opposition of the middle classes to sweeping economic and social changes.

The account of the revolutionary struggle against the emirs of Khiva and Bokhara, against the counter-revolutionary campaigns of Kolchak and Putov, against the Mohammedan clergy, against the Basmachs, or bandits, whom British agents recruited and let loose upon the inhabitants much as they did the Indians in the American Revolution, against racial prejudice and, above all, against the lethargy of the people themselves, is a fascinating story. The way in which the leaders maneuvered the economic advance from a division of swollen estates among the peasants to final collectivization, the cultural advance through education and sanitation, the social advance through the emancipation of women from the purdah and the veil, always letting the people themselves learn by experience what they wanted and how to get it, is a study in revolutionary tactics. If Miss Strong and Mr. Kunitz are right, it would appear that in spite of extraordinary difficulties the Bolsheviks have achieved in Central Asia their most complete success in building socialism.

Economically the chief significance of the process has been in the production of cotton. The silken Samarkand of Keats has given way to a Samarkand requiring a more proletarian epithet. In the last century the chief prospective value of Central Asia to Russia was in its cotton; and from the first the Soviet government had in mind economic independence in respect to this product, through the development of this region. The cotton area has grown from 325,000 hectares in 1924 to 1,244,000 in 1934, an increase of 400 percent, while the total production has increased 500 percent. This increase has been due largely to the collectivization that was undertaken early in 1929, since which time 85 percent of the cotton area has been socialized. In consequence of the improvement made possible in machinery the number of tractors has increased in ten years from 358 in 1924 to 14,000. Russia has risen to third place among cotton-producing countries. Bolsheviks have made the Central Asian republic, equal member of the Soviet Union, cotton conscious. It is a matter of local pride and patriotism to increase this output until Russia shall with certainty produce all the cotton for its own consumption, and enter the markets of the world. It is not necessary to point out the significance of this development to the economic future of the United States. Comparing the system of socialized agriculture in the Soviet Union with the haphazard methods practised in our Southern states, involving the exploitation of the workers through peonage and sharecropping and a subsidized limitation of output, is it possible to avoid concluding that our economy will fail, and will deserve to fail?

Mr. Kunitz has written a book at once challenging and convincing, the value of which would be increased by a map and an index. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Different Story

The Furys, by James Hanley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

JAMES HANLEY'S previous novel "Boy," though cut by the publishers to a state of obscurity, sent shivers down the spines of readers who didn't know such things ever happened. And the stories gathered under the title Men in Darkness" were made, in all sincerity, of the ame shudder material. I remember one in which the burly articulate hero pushed the girl into a pond and let her drown, because the girl after pages of revulsion decided she anted the brute to love her. "The Furys" is a different ory entirely.

The lengthy heavily detailed action takes place before and uring a general transportation strike in England. As a ovel "The Furys" is shapeless, clumsy and sometimes dious. The sentences are bare, awkward, and factual de- ils are heaved into the midst of things as if the author ere shovelling coal. All the faults of the realistic novel are re; it's a graceless book and the plot is pretty conven- onal. But a powerful impressive life in the characters d in their eating and sleeping, in their minor trials and eat tribulations, comes continually pumping through the ory's plodding movement.

Mrs. Fury in her mysterious bitter struggle to have her vn way gets the most lavish attention; still, she isn't the ost interesting or the most alive person. Denis Fury, her sband, is the character to look after and listen to. Per- ps because he's an alien Irishman living in England, does seem so recognizable as a type common among Irish orers in America: surly, bitter, a hard worker, conscious his class, but only vaguely "class-conscious," the kind of an who appears to have lived his whole life not by means any human consciousness, but by a series of inadequate pisms. Denis Fury's life has the unfinished, unsatisfied ality that the life of the father has in "Sons and Lovers," pathetic, even tragic, quality. And the scene between n and his married daughter is worth the price of plodding rough many an indifferent spot. There are plenty of em and the novel is a long one; the vitality won't down ough, the real stuff of miserable, cooped existences pushes . "The Furys" demands much of a reader, but above it demands to be read through to the end.

KENNETH WHITE.

Musical Biography

The Man Liszt, by Ernest Newman. New York: arles Scribner's Sons. 333 pages. $3.

NEWMAN does two things in this book: he corrects the accepted legendary idea of Liszt's personal char- er, after examining source material of which he claims s idea has taken no account; and he uses the occasion to icize once again the type of musical biography that is tent to perpetuate such legends without examining source terial. His argument in the present instance runs this y:

The legend is that Liszt, "whatever of tawdriness there y have been in his music at times, was in his private and is public life a Bayard not only without fear but without roach, about the nearest thing to St. Francis of Paula hom, indeed, he adopted as his patron saint) that the erfect modern world has seen." This legend was em- ied in the first and official "Life of Liszt," by Lina Ramann, for which Liszt and the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein, with whom he lived for twelve years, supplied the material. And this biography became the source of subsequent works. Newman quotes, for example, Corder's view of the Comtesse d'Agoult, with whom Liszt had lived earlier for eleven years, as a "libidinous female" without beauty or talent, who "forced herself upon Liszt," and towards whom he behaved "as a gentleman should in the circumstances"—with uncomplaining patience and unfailing charity. The only basis for this is the Ramann biography, which means Liszt's and the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein's statements. While the Comtesse's memoirs were not published until 1927, nor the two volumes of her correspondence with Liszt until 1933 and 1934, nevertheless Corder and other biographers should have borne in mind that they had only the statement of Liszt against the Comtesse, and no statement from the Comtesse of her own side. But even recently we find one of them dismissing the suggestion that there was another side, on the ground that it revealed "little knowledge and understanding of the nobility of Liszt." And accepting his own estimate of himself, they accepted his estimate of her—that she would write only lies.

Nor did they take any account of the important material scattered about in the letters, diaries, reminiscences and other writings of contemporaries. But it was this material, which Newman encountered as he worked on his biography of Wagner, that made him realize the picture of Liszt would have to be redrawn. Then the Comtesse's memoirs were published; and her statements were corroborated by Liszt's own letters, and by various writings of other people. It now appeared that the Comtesse, a woman of beauty, charm, intelligence and great nobility and sensitivity, had yielded to the artist and nobleman in him, and finally broken with the vulgarian; and that his relentless and positively brutal animosity towards her had been due precisely to the fact that she had understood so well the noble and shoddy elements that were at war within him from first to last:

> Yearning for solitude, he wastes himself on the world; longing to be an original creative artist, he wastes himself on transcriptions of other and often inferior composers' works; relinquishing much of his ambition, he gives himself up to the relatively sorry task of producing pianists; the soul of him aspiring to heaven, the body squanders itself on women; professing to despise the poor prizes of the world, he clasps feverishly to his breast the paltriest prizes of all—titles, honors, adulation.

Now one would be entitled to expect that Newman had been rigorous in his own procedures. But in The Musical Quarterly for April, Carl Engel demonstrates that instead of allowing the source material to dictate his ideas, Newman has allowed his ideas to pervert some of the material. The material in question is the correspondence of the first two years of the Liszt-D'Agoult relation; and Engel shows that Newman, intent on his idea, not only pieces the letters together incorrectly, but even changes their meaning. After this Engel feels justified in dismissing the rest of the book without reading it. But while Newman may be wrong and his methods shocking in some of the points connected with the Liszt-D'Agoult matter, he may be right in others; and he seems to be right in his major contentions about Liszt's character (Engel himself says testily that we do not need Newman to prove to us that Liszt was a fallible human being and Lina Ramann is unreliable). And where the contention is right the evidence does not have to be twisted to point that way.

B. H. HAGGIN.

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Before Science

A History of Magic and Experimental Science, by Lynn Thorndike. Vols. III and IV, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. New York: Columbia University Press. 1,637 pages. $10.

THE SCOPE of this work, both in time (the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era) and in subject matter (from the most primitive divination to the extremest subtleties of alchemy, astrology and all the "mancies" from aertomancy to idolomancy) establishes it at once as one of the definitive source books for all future studies in the inexhaustible domain of human error. In his Introduction to the first two volumes (published in 1923 by Macmillan) Professor Thorndike makes it clear that his approach to the subject is that of a historical scholar whose primary concern is with the document—its date, authorship, content, textual significance and relationship to earlier and subsequent works in the intellectual continuum leading from superstition to the first stumblings of science. This method, to be sure, has behind it a venerable tradition, and yields results of the highest value to specialists who know what to do with the material; but it is bound to discourage those readers who have learned to associate *all* human activities (certainly those connected with the development of techniques and beliefs) with underlying cultural and economic forces. Of the "new history" that was so vital a part in the work of his greatest teacher, James Harvey Robinson, there is all too little in Professor Thorndike's otherwise admirable work: the last two volumes particularly are marked, if not exactly marred, by an increasing tendency to catalogue and to classify his rich material, as though in despair of ever being able fully to master and interpret it.

But what a picture of the human mind in its ceaseless pursuit of knowledge and power these four volumes give us! Beginning with that "trio of great names, Pliny, Galen and Ptolemy," and coming down through fifteen hundred years of delusion and dream, the reader who is patient to follow his erudite guide will be the better by an experience rich in curious lore and great names. The twofold symbol, Faust and Mephistopheles, dominates the lives of priest, saint and sinner; St. Augustine wrestles with the distinction between demoniacal and holy inspiration; a textbook on agriculture learnedly discusses "the effect of a hyena's shadow falling upon a dog by moonlight"; physicians are warned that "an ignorance of astronomy kills many patients"; that strange genius, John de Dondis, constructs the first mechanical clock (1344) and writes a prose poem on the theme that "there is nothing which is not marvelous," including the action of celestial rays in heating the earth's interior. Perscrutator constructs a meteorology based on a musical combination of celestial elements, and the mighty Pico della Mirandola challenges the entire learned world (he being then at the ripe age of twenty-four) to dispute his nine hundred theses, ranging from natural history to the Cabala and from Christ to demons. Doctors looked for cures to fantastic diseases in the colors of minerals, and hinted at forces identical with Freud's subconscious; poisoners discoursed on aconite and such problems as "why a candle attached to the foot of a vulture is extinguished in the presence of poison"; not a few of them would have thrived in Hitler's Germany with their belief in the wholesale poisoning of wells and springs by the Jews.

Such is the stuff out of which our human culture has been made; with variants of which, for all our "science," the human mind is still desperately enamored. In some thirty-five hundred pages of compact, unadulterated supe stitions Professor Thorndike tells his story. We can b conclude with him: "Read it and smile or read it ar weep, as you please. . . . Perhaps it would be well to re it and think of what the future historian may say of tl mentality and scholasticism of the present era and wi what sympathy or antipathy he would be justified in r garding us."

HAROLD WARD.

Faust in Hungary

The Tragedy of Man: A Dramatic Poem by Im Madách. Translated by Charles Henry Meltzer and Pa Vadja. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2; pages. $2.50.

THE TASK of reviewing a classic seventy years aft it has been completed (and only now rendered in rather Shakespearean English) is a difficult undertakin It is made even more difficult in this case by a forewor introduction and afterword that repeatedly hold Madá to be one of the greatest geniuses of literature and "T Tragedy of Man" to be one of the greatest and most effe tive dramatic works yet conceived.

Madách's work falls in the category of the classic "Faust," the romantic "Manfred" and the allegoric "Peer Gynt" dramas. But "The Tragedy of Man," less than these, with its tonal background and despairi lamentations, really represents an adolescent outburst *Weltschmerz* far more than it does a mature drama humanity. Indeed, there is hardly another form of writi that reveals so sharply the enormous change we have unde gone in our realism of outlook as does this allegorical pre entation of the cycle of mankind.

In a series of fifteen scenes, Adam and Eve—in leag with Lucifer—complete the cycle from a beginning Paradise through the whole gamut of human suffering to new hope and rejuvenation. Adam passes through succe sive reincarnations as Pharaoh of Egypt, as Miltiades Athens, Sergiolus of Rome, as Keppler in Prague, Dant in Paris, an elderly man in London, and as a broken-dow old man in the Arctic region; he finally returns again as young man in a new tropical Eden. Eve is the etern woman—the poesy and beauty in our drab lives. She reincarnated in the same stages as Adam, from an Egypti slave to a noble consort, from an Eskimo squaw to seductive Gretchen. Lucifer goes with them, forever t Spirit of Negation.

Madách is engrossed in developing Lucifer's unsuccessf attempts to destroy mankind through pessimism. Yet t philosophy of his work is rather startling: he does not s at calling revolution, capitalism and communism the gre failures of science. At the end of the rainbow Ada satiated with knowledge and insight, finally challenges t solution by committing suicide. But then Eve reveals him a sweet secret: there is at last something worth livi for; Adam discovers that his life is to be continued in t blessings of offspring.

Hungary, a small nation with a great national pride, h adopted Madách as its national poet, and his "Tragedy Man" as her great national classic. There is a Madá Society in Hungary, and there are innumerable litera circles founded to spread his fame and works. The Nation Theatre in Budapest prides itself on having presented t play several hundred times, in spite of great technical dif culties, and every little stage in the country strives to follo

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ts footsteps. But Madách is essentially a secluded poet without literary following who has as a matter of fact merely dramatized his own personal life in the classic tradition. He has sought refuge in mythical scenes and gained thereby a perspective on our globe that minimizes our immediate tasks and deals with time in abstract millennia. Though interspersed with sparks of wisdom and beautiful recitation, this drama of mankind remains very remote and heavy, and something of a dud. FRED J. RINGEL.

Cross Country Hotel

The Dark Glass, by March Cost. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE GENERAL content of this book being neither very definite nor very interesting, there will be no vicarious yarn-spinning here. Miss Cost's method may be described as cross-country hotel, or Grand autobus (Signor Boccaccio seems to have heard of this method—and how many other ingenious lazymen of literary history). It gets a lot of people together in a definitely select boarding hotel and proceeds to elaborate on their hopes, phobias, histories. Through the fantasy of a certain dark glass, on All Souls' Eve, some of them are transported ahead or back in time, while some are made to tread water. Material for character sketches, among the lot of them, there is in limited abundance—if four or five had been treated to the exclusion of the rest. There is not, I should compute, one good story to be salvaged from the bunch.

Miss Cost is a sincere and mature writer. Her values have a good sound ring, her prose works easily under a certain restraint. The quality of sadness in Laura St. Cloud's broken romance, the shrewd sympathies of Dr. Webb, the marital violences of the Jaspers—these stay with me from the book, and must be valuable in that they impress even one who is out of sympathy with the whole affair. But these few remain out of masses of stock characterization, spiritual inquiries, problems, out of whole blocks of static description, out of writing that has neither the unmistakable word-magic of true style nor the power that proceeds directly from belief, passion, delight. To be specific, there is too much of this type of verbosity:

> These multitudinous progressions moving as infallibly as those others of "intermittent progression" sheathed in human tissue—to what crescendo of significance did they soar? what were the overtones of this monstrous symphony? In what vasty deep was this deadly counterpoint resolved?

and there are too many deadly deeps of vasty obfuscation:

> And as they passed, across their open hearts she knew, with devastating certitude, adversity in advance upon them, but beheld as well, unfolding in dual evolution, grace to the measure of their burden, and beyond.

A high literary sound, in fine, but not enough else to justify 407 pages of print under present circumstances. The market is already crowded with writers who take themselves so damn solemnly they can't be bothered considering the other person, the necessary reader, to wonder whether this endless extension of their ego will bring him joy, or instruction. Whereas a writer who is a valuable writer will know before he starts that the way to a man's heart is never through his dictionary.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Books in Brief

The First Century of American Literature: 1770-1870, by Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 621 pages. $3.50.

ON PAGE 526 of this work, Professor Pattee furnishes, for those who may have had difficulty with the poem, an explanatory paraphrase of the "Psalm of Life"; and on page 532 he disposes of a great many tough literary problems with the observation that "Romanticism may be defined as the spirit of youth." In general, his treatment of American literature is colored by his view that, in a singularly catastrophic way, it began only with the American Revolution, and this makes it unnecessary to speak of Samuel Sewall or Ann Bradstreet or Jonathan Edwards; and that, nevertheless, political considerations are of so little importance, and literature so exclusively an affair of belles lettres, that "To treat Franklin as a literary man is like classifying Edison as a letter-writer." Jonathan Trumbull and Timothy Dwight qualify, but not Jefferson or Madison; N. P. Willis and Catherine Sedgwick, but not Webster or Calhoun; John Howard Payne, but not Wendell Phillips or Lincoln. And even on these rather austerely artistic grounds, Professor Pattee distributes his emphases in a bewildering manner. Longfellow is found worthy of a chapter of twenty-two pages, but Hawthorne deserves only fourteen, Thoreau only one, and Melville and Whitman, though they are occasionally mentioned, none at all. There is an interesting chapter on the gift-books and annuals, however, and something like justice is certainly done to Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of Godey's Lady's Book and author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

N. A.

Southwest, by Laura Adams Armer. New York: Longmans Green and Company. 237 pages. $3.

This intensely subjective book contains descriptions of Navajo character and racial episodes to which many observers will turn with interest. But, as Mrs. Armer says, it is written primarily for other sojourners in the Southwest whose experience has been similar to hers. Its sincerity is obvious on every page; its nature is that of the expression of a personal and mystical quest. Mrs. Armer's paintings have the same character. In all but one or two of the eight reproduced here, fantasy overshadows the purely graphic problem. I like the design showing the figure of a woman with birds and fruit best without its complicating title; and "The Nezhoni Hogan," which is austerely composed and bears no legend, seems the most fully expressive painting in the group.

C. R.

The Fruit Stoners, by Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

If this were written as a short story one could say a number of pleasant things about it: that it is a playful study of time and of the speed of thought, that it has charm. However, it has been—one cannot say elaborated, but stretched painfully, to fit the novel form. A child has five minutes before bedtime and runs to find her father's slippers. "In the nick of time" becomes, in the fantasy of her mind, the golden age. Reverence for whatever is more powerful than time is scaled down to the name and presence of "Jack Robinson." She is stalked by time as a tiger, and entertained by the fruit stones left on her father's plate at tea, now personified. The adventures into womanhood are more insinuating than really mature. The

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recurrent *tick-tock,* which is intended to be antiphonal and terrifying, is only tedious. At last her time is up, "her five minutes, her—life." One last excitement awaits her as, with slippers in hand, she returns to the study: the suspicion that daily existence may also be a dream, with something much more real than even these adventures of the imagination just beyond her reach. Children do have these emotional realizations; what is wrong here is a confusion of imagery, and the intensity strained out of shape with unbearable repetitions. H. H.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford is the London correspondent for The New Republic. His most recent book was "Property or Peace," published last year by Covici, Friede.

Kenneth W. Porter was born on a farm in the wheat belt of central Kansas. He is the author of "John Jacob Astor: Business Man" and co-author of "Christ in the Bread Line," a volume of verse.

O. W. Riegel is professor of Journalism at Washington and Lee University and author of "Mobilizing for Chaos," a book about military propaganda.

James Broughton, who was formerly on the staff of The Pacific Weekly, is now free lancing in New York City. He has just returned from a trip to Italy and the Mediterranean.

Kenneth White has written literary and dramatic criticism for newspapers and magazines. He is now working on a play.

B. H. Haggin, music critic for The Brooklyn Eagle, has contributed to Hound and Horn, The Nation and other periodicals.

Harold Ward, whose special field is the sciences and their social implications, has contributed to various magazines and was formerly a member of the Editorial Division of the Continental Association of Technocrats.

Fred J. Ringel, former correspondent for European papers and editor of a symposium "America As Americans See It," is now working on a survey of the arts in America.

Eight New England Poets

S. Foster Damon is professor of English at Brown University. His studies of Blake and Chivers and his volumes of verse are well known.

Dudley Fitts teaches at the Choate School, has contributed poetry to such magazines as The Criterion, Poetry and Hound and Horn, and has recently edited, with Genevieve Taggard, an anthology called "Ten Introductions."

Kimball Flaccus' first volume of poems, "Avalanche of April," was published by Scribner's last fall. He is at present in Ireland.

Sherry Mangan is the author of a novel, "Cinderella Married," and published last fall his first volume of poetry, "No Apology for Poetrie" (Bruce Humphries). He has contributed to many magazines.

Winfield Townley Scott has written for Poetry and other magazines, and works on a Providence newspaper.

Theodore Spencer contributed a group of poems to "Ten Introductions," and appears in many magazines here and in England. He teaches at Harvard University.

John Wheelwright's first volume of verse, "Rock and Shell," was published last year by Bruce Humphries, and he is at present preparing another.

R. P. Blackmur, who selected these poems, has published verse and criticism in various magazines. He recently edited the critical preface of Henry James for Scribner's.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Newton Arvin, Constance Rourke and Hazel Hawthorne.

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